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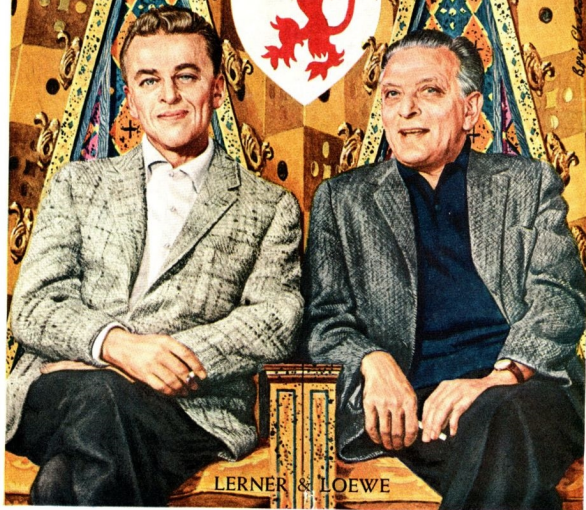
NOVEMBER 14, 1960

The Rough Road to Broadway

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

In Camelot

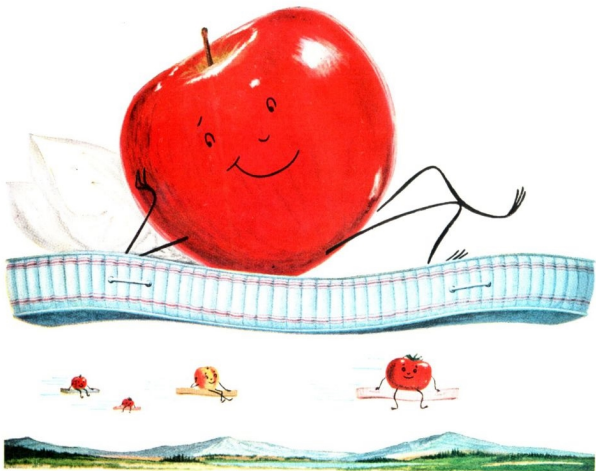


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VOL. LXXVI NO. 20



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Hermes of Andros.
Roman copy of original
of 4th Century, B.C.

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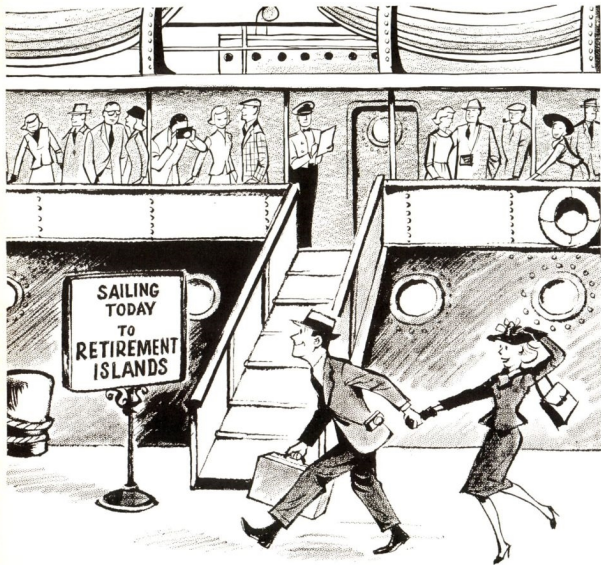
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Thunderbird

UNMISTAKABLY NEW... UNMISTAKABLY THUNDERBIRD

Here is the finest expression of the Thunderbird spirit, unquestionably Thunderbird in its classic lines and sparkling performance—not a hair wider nor a tenth of an inch longer—yet a Thunderbird so uniquely new that it stands alone in the fine-car field.

With its quicksilver elegance and flashing sports car grace, the Thunderbird has established itself in six brilliant years as the trend car of our times.

The dramatically beautiful new Thunderbird for 1961 preserves all of the features that *mean* Thunderbird—the classic Thunderbird size and distinctive styling, the 4-passenger luxury, the sports car handling, the dazzling performance, the famous console.

At the same time the 1961 Thunderbird features such remarkable advances as the optional new Swing-Away Steering Wheel. Door openings are higher . . . and wider. The windshield projection has been removed. You move in and out with a wonderful new freedom.

Twelve extra pounds of foam rubber have been moulded into the seats. And although exterior Thunderbird dimensions are retained, design improvements permit generous increases in shoulder, elbow and hip room.

A new high-performance Thunderbird 390 Special V-8 brings you even more of that famous Thunderbird spirit—as standard equipment. A trio of power assists (also all standard equipment) function as a precision team for a new high in automatic driving. New Cruise-O-Matic Drive introduces you to the silk-on-silk smoothness of vacuum-controlled automatic shifting. New Power Steering reduces steering effort up to 65%. New, larger Power Brakes adjust themselves—automatically.

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Unique in all the world





for the perfect evening



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LETTERS

The Next President

Sir:
The next U.S. President, be he Republican or Democrat, faces the most important challenge of our time. Many countries are groping for the means to alleviate humanity's miseries and make man's life better. The West must help if it is to win the economic war that the Soviets have launched upon the free world.

ANTHONY GEMAYEL

Beirut

Sir:
Not only has Vice President Nixon shown his ample abilities through the Eisenhower Administration, including the "kitchen debate" in Moscow, but also through the fourth TV debate on the foreign policies that would decide the ways, successful or fallible, of the U.S. internationally in the days ahead.

KIWON KANG

Atlanta

One-Man Exhibition

Sir:
I would like to express to you my pleasure in the recent article in TIME on my current one-man exhibition at the National Gallery of Canada. The information given to your writer and researcher has been sensitively handled and you have my thanks and congratulations. In the four-hour period one Sunday, almost three thousand people attended the exhibition, and I am told that this equals the attendance at Lenin's tomb in Moscow.

YOUSUF KASHI

Ottawa

The Land of Nod

Sir:
"I dreamed I went swimming in my Maidenform bra." A tip of the hat to Ida Rosenthal . . . It's about time!

MRS. P. FITZGERALD

Toronto

BLISSFUL DREAMS ASSURED BY USING
WARNER BROS. CORALINE CORSETS.



Sir:
Win or lose, let's give Senator Kennedy credit for arousing the Republican Party. Had they been as busy for the past 7½ years as they have been since the convention, our President wouldn't be out campaigning for this highly experienced, more mature, widely traveled Vice President who in all of his good-will travels hasn't created a lasting friend for our country or frightened any of its enemies.

M. UNDERWOOD

Youngstown, Ohio

Sir:
I am curious to know how Kennedy plans to make America "first class" again. Thanks to his constant haranguing, and an efficient world press, other nations are becoming convinced that we are far down the list. It will take a great deal of undoing.

ARTHUR FAIRMAN

London

Sir:
I voted for Eisenhower twice, but am voting for Kennedy. Our need, and that of the free world, is for men who are naturally and professionally capable leaders, leaders who are dynamic, recognize that we are in a new age, and analyze and act on all of our problems—domestic and foreign.

JAMES W. OWENS

Beloit, Wis.

Sir:

This ad suggests that since the '80s copy-dreamers working on Mrs. Rosenthal's line of drygoods really haven't changed their sights much.

JOHN F. PHOENIX

Davenport, Iowa

Neutrality Revisited

Sir:
Your article on neutrality certainly did present a "new look," and one that suggests that the editor badly needs glasses.

Norway and Thailand have been members of NATO and SEATO respectively from the very beginning of these two organizations.

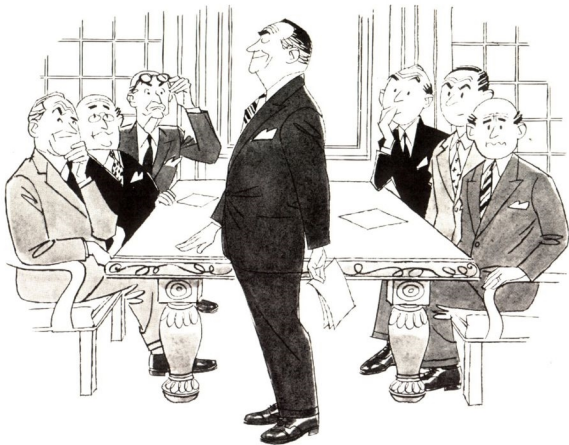
K. BECKER RASMUSSEN

Karachi, Pakistan

Thailand is a "full and equal partner" in SEATO. Norway is a NATO partner, but has always refused to allow foreign forces and military equipment, including missile-launchers and atomic weapons, on its territory.—Ed.

Sir:

Tito is not "independent." U.S. aid is not weaning Tito from Communism but helping him to consolidate his brand of political, economic and religious oppression. The basic



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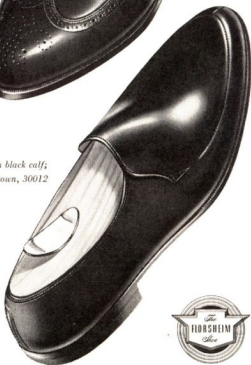
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The LARK, 20627 in black calf;
in Perfecto brown, 30632



The BEVERLY, 20010, in black calf;
in Perfecto brown, 30012



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philosophy of Communism—whether Tito's, Mao's or Khrushchev's—is identical: the annihilation of human rights.

NORMAN J. RUSTIGIAN

Providence

The Meaning of Dambala

Sir:

You try to throw ridicule on me and my people. In the article [about Anthropologist Paul Barker's dealings with Haitians while digging for evidence of the civilization Columbus described—Oct. 10], you and Professor Paul Barker depicted my people as the worst uncivilized savages. And that [the god] Dambala removes strangers, like Barker, posthaste from the premises. This is not true. Instead, Professor Barker's job in Haiti was not especially tough.

Dambala means love, truth and justice. We, the Negro race, are able to show the way to peace to our brother, the white race. Don't play with us fellows. The black race is ready to show the only way to peace.

LECBA ELIEZER CADET

Port-de-Paix, Haiti

Sir:

M. Cadet is right. His people are most gentle. Their manners are superior to mine. And their morals are no worse. Only good has ever come to me from M. Cadet or his people or from the Voodoo God Dambala.

I rectify any implication that Dambala is vindictive. I have never denounced voodoo, nor do I intend to. I consider it one of the twelve great religions, and I consider M. Cadet the greatest voodoo priest in Haiti.

(THE REV.) PAUL BARKER

Professor of Anthropology

Gorham State Teachers College
Gorham, Me.

Kerr's Colossus

Sir:

Congratulations on your Clark Kerr cover and story. While a mere student at Cal, I had the good fortune of meeting him. I can only say that he seemed to epitomize all that is democratic and humanistic in the American public educational tradition.

PATRICK B. VINCENT

Christchurch, New Zealand

Sir:

While studying at Berkeley (architecture), I was—on many occasions—much closer than 50 feet to those "great men." One had me, all morning long, drawing horizontal lines on a large piece of white paper. Another watched me while I sawed pine blocks. Take-it-or-leave-it education? They can have it!

ALLAN HUPER

Houston

Sir:

Was Time's cover-ink supply at low ebb? Or was it the intention of Artie Arzysbasheff to depict a mass of colorful individuals who, upon entering through college portals, are alchemized into a great grey glob of flannel-suited, conforming nonentities?

B. R. JORGE

New York City

Sir:

TIME quotes Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, as saying: "You use it like a plumber uses a wrench." Kerr talks good, like a college head should.

LEONARD LEE

Los Angeles

¶ And like poets (Keats: "It is astonishing how they raven down scenery like children do sweetmeats"), playwrights (Shakespeare's Juliet: "No

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man like he doth grieve my heart") and grammarians (Bergen and Cornelia Evans: *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*) should, too. —Ed.

Sir:

I resent your reference to the University of California campus at Davis as a "cow college." You have to have all your marbles to be an Aggie.

EDNA AUBEL

San Francisco

No Newcomer

Sir:

In your Oct. 3 issue, New Zealand is described incorrectly as a "newcomer to the foreign aid game."

New Zealand was, with other Commonwealth countries, a founder member of the Colombo Plan in 1950, and since that time we have contributed under the Colombo Plan about \$10 million to economic development projects in South and Southeast Asia. New Zealand also has a record of substantial support for the assistance programs of the United Nations, including UNRRA, UNICEF, Palestinian and other refugees, the United Nations Technical Assistance Program, Korean Relief and Rehabilitation, as well as the many aid activities of the specialized agencies of the United Nations. Recently, we pledged support for technical assistance for Africa.

G. D. L. WHITE
Chargé d'Affaires

New Zealand Embassy
Washington, D.C.

The Value of Inexperience

Sir:

Midwifery is the world's second oldest profession—you say in your Oct. 17 issue. I protest your downgrading of diplomacy, which since time immemorial has been out-ranked only by prostitution, the world's oldest profession. This intimate relationship is because they are the only two professions in which experience doesn't count.

ROBERT W. RINDEN

Washington, D.C.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

IN his sprawling garden suite at Boston's Ritz-Carlton Hotel one evening last week, Composer Fritz Loewe ripped at the piano while a companion paced and hummed. This was not Lerner and Loewe at work, but Loewe enjoying himself and Time Senior Editor Henry Grunwald mixing work with some nostalgia. The Loewe-Grunwald repertoire: songs from *Countess Mariza* and *The Smiling Husband* by the late Austrian librettist, Alfred Grunwald, whom Composer Loewe knew back in Vienna more than 30 years ago, and who was Editor Grunwald's father. To his astonishment, Grunwald found that Loewe remembered more of his father's songs than he did.

The impromptu performance at the Ritz-Carlton was part of five weeks' preparation for this week's cover story on Loewe and his lyricist partner, Alan Jay Lerner. The process began when Grunwald and Show Business Writer John McPhee watched the new Lerner-Loewe show, *Camelot*, on its second night—in Toronto. Soon afterward, Researcher Joyce Haber was assigned to the story, spent 14 days in Toronto and Boston interviewing the mercurial Loewe and getting background information from others in the cast (plus a miserable cold, perhaps inherited from Star Richard Burton). Once, while Researcher Haber and Loewe were dining at Toronto's Franz Josef restaurant, the orchestra unwittingly struck up his *On the Street Where You Live* from *My Fair Lady*, and the obviously delighted composer swept the young reporter onto the dance floor. Joyce, who had by that time labored so long and late with *Camelot* that a chorus girl had mistaken her for Julie Andrews' understudy, confesses that she could not have danced all night.



McPHEE & GRUNWALD

On the lyric beat, TIME Toronto Bureau Chief Kenneth Frosid, concentrating on Alan Lerner, attended 13 performances, had to explain to autograph seekers that he was not Roddy McDowall. His biggest worry came when his subject was rushed to Toronto's Wellesley Hospital with a bleeding ulcer, but the physician did grudgingly allow three visitors: Lerner's wife, his collaborator and Frosid. When the lyricist returned twelve days later, Frosid was alongside—carrying the Thermo-bell full of milk. By the time Frosid had completed his comprehensive interview, Lerner quipped, "Now that you are gone, I'll have to go back to my analyst."

While the reporting was going on at the center of the story's stage, TIME correspondents in Vienna, Bonn, Hollywood, Washington, London, New York, Paris and Chicago were digging at other sources. Among them: John F. Kennedy, who took time from a crushing campaign schedule to tell Washington Correspondent Hugh Sidney about his school and college days with Classmate Lerner.

When the results of this exhaustive reporting were finally piled on Writer McPhee's desk last week, he faced his own formidable composing task: a 61-hour, mostly sleepless writing stint. For McPhee—unlike his subjects—there could be no trial runs in Toronto or Boston. He was opening in New York, and Senior Editor Grunwald was a tough critic.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Election Week, 1960

On the peaks of the Rockies, looming up as majestically solid as they did when the first pioneers looked upon them, the snow lines crept lower day by day. In the Deep South the maples were red and gold; in New England bare trees stood dark and bleak against the greying skies. On the heartland plains, machines whirled through the corn and milo fields, methodically bringing in the last of another bountiful harvest.

To the eye the land looked rich and placid. The "farm problem," huge headache for the new President, looked like anything but a problem in the countryside, with its fat herds, its brimming corncribs, its painted barns gleaming in the autumn sunshine, its farmers beaming over the high price of hogs (up about 35% over a year ago). In the cities, blotches of unemployment stirred talk of recession, but builders moved confidently to plan new highways and change skylines. In southern Florida, the fever has faded out of the land boom, but hotelkeepers and charter-boat captains are looking forward to a record invasion of sun-seeking

vacationers. In Los Angeles, despite layoffs by air-frame and electronics firms in recent months, department stores reported that the Christmas buying season was off to a roaring and premature start.

The voters, dinned at, cajoled, warned and saturated, were almost as eager as the weary candidates themselves to give it all a rest. Weekend fishermen headed for the streams and lakes, and hunters for the woods. It was football season, and more money was being bet on Saturday's contests than on Tuesday's. Even with a fellow Bay Stater running for President, a lot of Bostonians seemed less interested in politics than in how to get a ticket for *Camelot*, the new musical comedy at the Shubert Theater (see cover).

In Dallas, scene of Texas-sized political passions, society was far more interested in the Opera Ball, the city's most jeweled social event, and ordinary citizens talked about the prospects of their National Football League team, the Dallas Cowboys. In Atlanta, a group of segregationists announced formation of an organization called Georgians Unwilling to Surrender (G.U.T.S.), and the Atlanta Constitution suggested that they change the name to Georgians Against Surrender (G.A.S.). In Berkeley, pioneering on a nonpolitical new frontier, University of California scientists reported progress toward controlling thermonuclear reactions, potential sources of vast nuclear power for peaceful uses.

Out of the presidential campaign had come a national consensus that whatever the outcome, Big Government would get bigger, spending for defense and welfare would increase, and the nation would find itself more dynamically and financially involved abroad. But most citizens, most of the time, do their work, live their lives, and pursue their happiness outside the realms of government, even in election years. So it ought to be, and so it was in the U.S. in Election Week, 1960.

REPUBLICANS

The Loneliness of Office

Old Campaigner Richard Nixon confidently believes, against the polls, that elections are won or lost on the strength of a candidate's final-week impression on the voters. In the final week, following these ground rules, the Republicans went all out. There was Dwight D. Eisenhower deriding Jack Kennedy without naming him ("this young genius"), endorsing



Joe Clark

URBAN RENEWAL IN DETROIT
Christmas shopping early.

Dick Nixon and Cabot Lodge in clarion terms ("For me, drawing on a lifetime of experience with men who want to lead and men who can lead, there is no question . . ."), and warning in a powerful last-minute offensive that a Democratic victory would mean inflation, high prices and cheap dollars. And there was Nixon himself, all but crowded out of a half-hour, coast-to-coast telecast by the prolonged reception for Ike's Manhattan speech, grinning widely and shouting: "I'm always glad to give up my time to the President of the United States."

Riding a Tide, Nixon made up for lost TV time as he pushed his rejuvenated campaign through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, South Carolina, Texas,



Paul Andre

CORN PICKING IN IOWA
Sellout for *Camelot*.

ELECTION EXTRA

TIME this week will publish a 16-page Election Extra, the first in TIME's history. It will be mailed free to all subscribers, will be sold at U.S. and Canadian newsstands for 10¢ a copy.



IKE, NIXON & LODGE AT MANHATTAN RALLY
One last blast.

Wyoming, Washington, California, the Midwest and Alaska—not with too much hope of winning Alaska's three electoral votes, but to keep his acceptance-speech promise to campaign in all 50 states. In Wyoming, to keep this promise, the pilot of his chartered Boeing 707 had to land in a snowstorm. Nixon, buoyed by Ike's support, told his audiences that he felt a "tide" running in his direction, promised "one of the greatest victories in terms of electoral votes in the history of America." Increasing the cutting edge of his adjectives, he punched hard at Kennedy as a "medicine man" and "Jumping Jack," accusing him of making "vicious statements" and telling a "barefaced lie," and warning that as President, Kennedy would be a "captive" of United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther.

But the week's Republican honors easily belonged to Ike. His speeches were more politically potent than any he had ever made on his own behalf. Besides, he was obviously stung by Kennedy's accusations that his had been a standstill Administration in which U.S. power and prestige had declined. In Pittsburgh, obviously intending his remarks to show that Kennedy was not big enough for the presidency, Eisenhower, in a reminiscent mood, told a G.O.P. audience of the terrible loneliness of decision in the White House, in words that had a beyond-the-battle feeling about the office. On D-day, he related, he had to decide whether to send two paratroop divisions into battle in a sector where a senior adviser predicted 90% casualties. He eventually decided that the paratroops had to be committed to combat, and "for years thereafter," he said, "I felt that only once in a lifetime could a problem of that sort weigh as heavily on a man's mind and heart."

"My fellow Americans, now I know that in this age the President encounters equally soul-racking problems many times in a single term of office."

Alone in the Smoke. "Not the fate of two divisions or even of an entire landing force, but the fate of millions of Americans—young and old, military and civilian, city dwellers and farm families—the fate of the public itself might depend on his decision."

"When the push of a button may mean obliteration of countless humans, the President of the United States must be forever on guard against any inclination

on his part to impetuosity, to arrogance, to headlong action, to expediency, to facile maneuvers, even to the popularity of an action as opposed to the rightness of an action . . .

"The nakedness of the battlefield, when the soldier is all alone in the smoke and the clamor and the terror of war, is comparable to the loneliness—at times—of the presidency, when one man must conscientiously, deliberately, prayerfully scrutinize every argument, every proposal, every prediction, every alternative, every probable outcome of his action, and then—all alone—make his decision."

DEMOCRATS

Search for a Fulcrum

In his rare moments of privacy last week, fast-running Jack Kennedy was restless and tense. He fidgeted with his tie clasp, rolled and squeezed a magazine or tapped his feet. All surface signs were pointing to a Kennedy victory, but the Democrats had a good dose of down-to-the-wire nervousness over Dwight Eisenhower's all-out support for Nixon, and over the nagging question of the religion vote.

Needle for Coattails. Outwardly, as Kennedy sped swift as the hungry hummingbird through more than a dozen states, he showed no concern over the religion question (though he was prepared, if necessary, to go on TV to outline again his church-state philosophy). But his awareness of Ike's impact was implicit in a series of Kennedy shotgun blasts from rostrums everywhere. To counteract the spread of the President's warnings that a Democratic victory would bring a new wave of inflation, Kennedy issued a formal statement in Philadelphia promising "reasonable price stability" and pledging not to devalue the dollar: "Rather, I shall defend its present value and soundness."



KENNEDY, STEVENSON & GOVERNOR BROWN AT LOS ANGELES RALLY
Two great imponderables.

Time and again, Kennedy needed Richard Nixon for clinging to Ike's coattails, challenged the Vice President waspishly to bring Ike along for a fifth TV debate. In California, Arizona and Illinois he glibed at the fact that Nixon, Ike, Vice-Presidential Candidate Henry Cabot Lodge and Governor Nelson Rockefeller had joined in a massive last-minute effort to win New York. "We have all seen these circus elephants, complete with tusks, ivory in their head and thick skins," said Kennedy, "who move around the circus ring and grab the tail of the elephant ahead of them. Dick Nixon grabbed that tail in 1952 and 1956, but this year he faces the American people alone." In none of his sallies did Kennedy ever attack Dwight Eisenhower directly.

Missionaries for Peace. In his own coast-to-coast hopping, Kennedy was content to stick pretty much to his tried-and-true "get America moving" theme, but as Election Day neared he was chancing more and more quips. Only in a San Francisco speech did Kennedy broach a new program. This was a call for a volunteer "Peace Corps" of "talented men and women" who would serve abroad for three years, as an alternative or supplement to peacetime selective service. "I am convinced," said he, "that the pool of people in this country of ours anxious to respond to the public service is greater than it has ever been in our history . . . Archimedes said, 'Give me a fulcrum and I will move the world.' We in the '60s are going to move the world again."

In Manhattan, after a big, noisy torchlight parade from Times Square, Kennedy told a tumultuous crowd at the Coliseum: "I want above all else to be a President known, at the end of four years, as one who not only prevented war but won the peace—as one of whom history might say, 'He not only laid the foundations for peace in his time, but for generations to come as well.'"

Election night he and wife Jackie would hear the returns in Hyannisport, Cape Cod, its summer clamor over, is usually shuttered by now, but all the paraphernalia of TV, news tickers, long-distance phone lines, and all the newsmen, TV celebrities and assorted grimey were descending on its peace. The candidate, returning home, had certainly left nothing to chance. "We missed a ward in Philadelphia," Kennedy had snapped suddenly to an aide at one point in the week. "Make sure that every registered Democrat in the ward gets a letter before the election." That left it all up to the voters.

In a Word

Ex-Candidate Adlai Stevenson, trying to describe the difference between himself and the man he was introducing, Candidate Jack Kennedy, put it poignantly to an East Los Angeles rally last week: "Do you remember that in classical times when Cicero had finished speaking, the people said, 'How well he spoke'—but when Demosthenes had finished speaking, the people said, 'Let us march!'"

THE PRESIDENCY

The Morning After

"On the morning after election the successful candidate stands at the peak of political success." Then "many problems that until now have been only dimly sensed and perhaps deliberately avoided come fully into view . . . the next ten or eleven weeks seem like a short time."

So warns onetime University of Chicago Political Scientist Laurin L. Henry in *Presidential Transitions*,* a detailed history of the last four party changes (1916, 1920, 1932, 1952) in the U.S. presidency. But, mainly due to Henry, this week's winner will get sage advice from Washington's nonpartisan Brookings Institution, which is publishing Henry's book as part of a unique effort to educate the President-elect.

How to Take Over. The key problem is that the U.S.—with 2,380,475 federal employees, a \$77 billion annual budget,

election-night telegram to Ike in 1952: "Congratulations on your overwhelming victory . . . You should have a representative meet with the Director of the Budget immediately." (Ike did.)

¶ Be prepared to offer a revised budget soon after inauguration. Candidate Nixon estimated that his program would cost nearly \$5 billion more than President Eisenhower's, and Candidate Kennedy's avowed plans would presumably cost considerably more than Nixon's.

¶ Appoint Cabinet members—not forgetting the gravely important presidential science adviser—by mid-December so they can be "informed and ready to make decisions."

Tea & No Sympathy. Such detailed planning was unknown as recently as 1952. Despite Truman's budget invitation, his relations with Eisenhower were cold, and the old problem of "communications" between administrations was not solved. Still, the days have long passed when the



PRESIDENTS WILSON & TAFT (INAUGURATION DAY: 1913)
What would happen to Pauline?

Paul Thompson

and a cold war on its hands—has no constitutional machinery for transferring power from one administration to another. To smooth the way, a Brookings team set up liaison with Clark Clifford, onetime counsel for Harry Truman, representing Kennedy, and Brigadier General Robert E. Cushman Jr., speaking for Nixon. Advised by a 14-man committee headed by former Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy, the Brookings team has interviewed some 60 top-level veterans of changeovers. Last week their accumulated wisdom went out to both candidates in the first three of ten memos on the subject. According to Brookings, the President-elect should:

¶ Place "observers" in the State and Defense departments and the Budget Bureau. Precedent is Harry Truman's

outgoing President merely invited his successor in for a quiet White House tea on inauguration eve. That ritual ended in 1933, when F.D.R., calling at the White House, roiled Hoover's feelings by suggesting that the President would probably be too busy to return the call. Snapped Hoover: "Mr. Roosevelt, you'll learn pretty soon that the President of the U.S. doesn't call on anybody."

So casual was the takeover process in 1912 that newspapers worried chiefly about the fate of a gift cow, named Pauline, that William Howard Taft had grazing on the White House lawn (Taft sent it back to the donor). President-elect Wilson whisked off on Nov. 9 to Bermuda, where a cable breakdown left him out of touch with the world for five days—to his delight—and about all Wilson asked of Taft was a "candid opinion" of the White House housekeeper.

* Brookings Institution; \$7.50.

THE ATOM New Bomb?

Nuclear science is on the verge of developing a "third-generation weapon as radically different from the H-bomb as the H-bomb was from the Hiroshima-type A-bomb," warned Thomas E. Murray, former member of the Atomic Energy Commission and consultant to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, last week. The Administration's moratorium on nuclear testing, drawn out to two years by the foot-dragging test-ban talks with the Russians at Geneva, has stopped U.S. progress cold—but "I take it for granted that the Soviet Union is active-

DEFENSE Strength Through Politics

The dart-shaped B-70 is an airman's vision: designed to fly three times faster than sound and 15 miles above the ground, it could serve as a nuclear bomber, a satellite launcher, or a six-jet civilian transport that could span the Atlantic in an hour. But what would be its strategic value in the missile age? "Doubtful," answered Old Infantryman Dwight Eisenhower last January, as he chopped the B-70's development budget for fiscal 1961 from a requested \$385 million to only \$75 million, barely enough to build two stripped-down flying shells. Last week,

Ike's \$39.2 billion defense budget by \$662 million. In recent weeks the Administration has been unfreezing these funds, plus millions more in unspent appropriations from previous years. Box score for new allocations since midyear:

☐ Polaris submarines: \$382 million (for a year's total of \$1,335 billion).

☐ Military airlift: \$194 million (total: \$550 million).

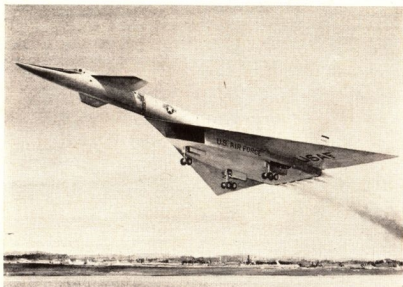
☐ Atlas missiles: \$131 million.

☐ Antisubmarine warfare: \$105 million (total: \$1.47 billion).

☐ Army modernization: \$90.5 million—with another \$68 million coming soon.

☐ B-70: \$190 million—\$155 million released last week, and \$35 million unfrozen earlier (total: \$265 million).

Though last week's spending decision pumped new life into the B-70, airmen can expect many another fiscal fight. Navy and missilemen argue that ICBMs and antiaircraft missiles will have rendered obsolete all manned aircraft by the time combat-ready B-70s go on the line in 1965. In rebuttal, airmen argue that planes always will be more accurate, reliable and flexible than missiles and that the U.S. always will need both. To keep the B-70 program aloft, airmen require something like \$400 million in the budget for fiscal 1962. How far and how fast to go with the controversial B-70—perhaps the last piloted bomber—will be one of the first military decisions to face the incoming Administration.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF B-70 TAKE-OFF
First a slowdown then a lift.

U.S. Air Force

CIVIL DEFENSE

Buzzers Mean Bombs

Aside from stacks of unread pamphlets, federal civil-defense programs for coping with a nuclear attack on U.S. cities have so far produced little more than a warning system. And even that warning system, warned a report buzzing through the honeycomb of the Pentagon last week, is "basically unsound."

Prepared by Johns Hopkins University's Operations Research Office, a civilian outfit that does paid think work for the U.S. Army, the report argues that in the age of intercontinental ballistic missiles a civil-defense warning system should be capable of warning 90% of the population within 30 seconds after the national civil-defense center in Colorado Springs gives the signal. The present Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization warning program comes nowhere near meeting this "minimum requirement." Many people in U.S. cities do not even hear civil-defense sirens, and very few pay any attention to them. The Comelrad radio-alert plan for using the 640 and 1240 frequencies to broadcast civil-defense information is inadequate because reception in some areas of the U.S. is weak, and because it takes broadcasting stations too long to switch over to the special emergency frequencies.

Instead, the report urges installation of special buzzer devices in homes, offices, factories and public buildings. The devices, plugged into electric outlets, would be set off in an emergency by a specific

ly developing nuclear technology along this revolutionary line."

Murray did not say so, but he was apparently referring to the so-called neutron bomb, which is designed for use against military forces, kills by showers of neutron "bullets," and leaves little or no residual radioactivity. With the U.S. and Russia both armed only with mass-destruction nuclear weapons, said Murray, neither side can use them without "fear of a retaliatory strike that would be too devastatingly costly." But the new-type bomb would move into this stalemate with great effectiveness, and would be used without provoking all-out nuclear attack in retaliation.

Predictably, Murray's warning set off a shock wave in the group of U.S. nuclear scientists passionately opposed to any resumption of nuclear tests. Cornell University Physicist Hans Bethe, one of the chief developers of the H-bomb, called Murray's statement an attempt "to divert public opinion from the real issue: to divert a treaty that could lead to disarmament." Columbia's Physicist Isidor I. Rabi sniffed that Murray was "technically not qualified to discuss such questions."

just eight days before the election, the Eisenhower Administration swung around, increased fiscal 1961 funds for the B-70 to \$265 million.

The action had military, economic and political reverberations. In Washington jubilant Air Force officers said that they could now begin building two combat-equipped B-70s as well as two stripped models, start airborne tests in late 1962. On Wall Street the spending announcement set off a four-day market rally, paced by stocks of the B-70's prime contractor (North American Aviation) and some of its 18 major subcontractors (G.E., IBM, Westinghouse, etc.). In Southern California, where the new funds will go far to fight unemployment in the air-frame industry, Campaigner Jack Kennedy charged the Administration with a last minute "transparent political maneuver to increase Republican votes." Big question: Was the spending decision spurred by cold war or hot politics? Answer: Both.

Last June, in a new mood of militancy after Russia brought down the U-2 and torpedoed the summit conference, the Democratic-controlled Congress increased

voltage transmitted by the local power companies. Such a buzzer system, named NEAR (National Emergency Alarm Repeater), has already been devised and tested. The indoor buzzers would be supplemented with outdoor loudspeakers scattered throughout every city. In case of attack, these loudspeakers would carry a warning signal, followed by instructions on what to do.

An effective warning system, says the O.R.O. report, is an indispensable first step toward an adequate civil defense. It is "impractical" to expect a nuclear-attack shelter program to get under way "as long as it is uncertain or unlikely that the shelters could be reached in time."

CRIME

The Scoutmaster & the Judge

On the night of June 15, 1955, Circuit Judge Curtis E. Chillingworth and his wife spent the evening at the home of friends. At 10 p.m. they drove to their oceanfront home south of Palm Beach and disappeared. On the night of Nov. 3, 1958, a smalltime bootlegger, Lew Gene Harvey, 21, left his home with a mysterious companion. He, too, vanished in the night. Harvey's body, weighted with chains and with a bullet hole in the head, was fished out of a canal near Palm Beach a few days later, but the Chillingworths were never found. Last week, after years of painstaking detective work, Florida police marked both cases as solved: the Chillingworths and young Harvey, announced Sheriff John Kirk, had all been killed by the same hired assassin.

Lethal Rendezvous. The first break in the case came when Harvey's widow recalled that the name of her husband's companion on the night of his death was "John Lynch." The name was also an alias frequently used by Floyd Albert Holzapfel, 36, a man with a curiously black-and-white background. A handsome, intelligent man, Holzapfel had been a wartime paratrooper who was wounded at Bastogne, a member of the Oklahoma City police department, a house detective at Miami's lush Deauville Hotel, an organizer of a West Palm Beach Young Republican Club and an assistant scoutmaster. He had also served time for bookmaking and armed robbery, had been arrested for attempted rape.

In December 1956, Holzapfel and Joseph A. Peel Jr., a West Palm Beach lawyer and a former judge, were arrested for attempted murder. Peel had driven his law partner, Harold Gray, to a tavern, where Holzapfel was waiting. The partner was given a brutal beating but survived. The motive, police charged, was a \$100,000 insurance policy on Gray's life. After years of trials, the case was dropped when Peel agreed to resign from the bar.

Deep-Sea Grave. Backtracking diligently, the cops discovered that Judge Chillingworth had once rebuked Lawyer Peel for representing both sides in a divorce case, after which Peel's promising political fortunes had slumped. Had Peel hired Holzapfel to wreak his revenge for



Associated Press

REBUKED LAWYER PEEL
Said the sheriff: "The case is broken."

the courtroom embarrassment? Were the Chillingworths murdered in the same fashion as the young bootlegger? With the evidence gradually falling into place, the police lured Holzapfel into a trap last October. In a Titusville motel room, two of his friends met the ex-convict, poured him several drinks and told him that Peel had hired one of them to kill him. Shaken and drunk, Holzapfel spilled out a gruesome story, which the "friends"—both undercover agents for the police—were careful to record on tape.

He and a Negro companion had been hired by Peel, Holzapfel said, to kill Judge Chillingworth for \$2,000. Mrs. Chillingworth was an accidental victim because she witnessed the assault on her husband.



EX-CONVICT HOLZAPFEL
Said the suspect: "Ladies first."

The two were taken from their home to a waiting boat on the beach and taken four miles offshore. There, trussed in chains and 30-lb. weights, they were quietly dropped over the side. Mrs. Chillingworth was the first to die: "Ladies first," said Holzapfel politely, as he pushed her overboard. The judge, a strong swimmer, struggled in the water and nearly managed to escape, but a blow from a shotgun butt sent him to the bottom.

Arrested and jailed, Holzapfel slashed his wrists, nearly died in his cell. Peel was also arrested on the charge of conspiring to kill his hired killer, but jumped bail and disappeared. The police trapped him in a Chattanooga hotel last week. Said Peel: "I was shocked and surprised." Said Sheriff Kirk: "The case has now been broken." But there was some doubt that it would ever be brought to trial. Holzapfel's taped account of the murders is inadmissible in court, and the bodies of the Chillingworths have never been found.

LABOR

Hoffa Drives On

With his canny knack for beating the rap, Teamster Topdog James Riddle Hoffa has survived 1) an A.F.L.-C.I.O. expulsion order, 2) federal investigations of his income tax returns, 3) a pair of Justice Department prosecutions for wiretapping and bribery, and 4) the Landrum-Griffin labor law, which was written largely to unscrew Hoffa's hammerlock on most of the U.S. transportation industry. Just about the last hope of halting Hoffa is the three-man Teamster Board of Monitors, set up three years ago by a Federal court to keep the 1,650,000-member union at least reasonably clean. Last week Jimmy Hoffa was just one shot away from sinking the monitors.

Evasion & Frustration. The board came into being when 13 Teamster insurgents, charging that Hoffa's election had been rigged, sued in 1957 to prevent him from taking over the presidency. Hoffa made a deal that most Hoffa haters thought was a fatal blunder: if he could move in as "provisional" president, he would permit a board of monitors to oversee Teamster affairs. The resulting consent decree called for the board to consist of one insurgent-appointed monitor, one Teamster-appointed monitor, and a chairman to be named by Federal Judge F. Dickinson Letts. Ever since, Jimmy Hoffa and his battery of 100 high-priced lawyers have been busy harassing the monitors by legal and other means.

Hoffa either ignored the board's clean-up recommendations or evaded them by appealing to higher courts—with significant success. He also stalled. The former Hoffa-appointed monitor, Daniel Maher, started skipping meetings. His successor, William ("Buffo") Bufalino, a Hoffa crony and head of a Detroit Teamster local that was described by the Senate rackets committee as "a leech preying on working men and women," started walking out of meetings. Strangely, insurgent-appointed Monitor Lawrence T. Smith

was hard to find when meetings were called, and he accused Chairman Martin F. O'Donoghue of being obsessed with "getting Hoffa." O'Donoghue himself was picketed at his Washington law office and pestered at home by anonymous midnight phone calls, finally resigned from the board in frustration last July.*

Protest & Veto. To succeed O'Donoghue, Judge Letts appointed former FBI Agent Terence F. McShane, 33. Naturally, Hoffa protested. Reason: trim, handsome Terry McShane had investigated Hoffa for the FBI in 1957, twice testified against him in the wiretap case. Fortnight ago, splitting 2 to 1 in favor of Hoffa, the U.S. Appeals Court in Washington bounced McShane, ruled that either the Teamsters or the insurgents could block any appointee for the chairmanship on "reasonable grounds."

Emboldened by his victory, Hoffa last week asked the Appeals Court for permission to call a Teamsters convention early next year. Order of business: to re-elect Hoffa as full-fledged president and thus extinguish the board of monitors. In fact, the monitors were headless and unable to function, and resourceful Jimmy Hoffa was riding high and wide, planted more firmly than ever in the driver's seat of the nation's biggest union.

DISASTERS

Can You See Many Lights?

The football season had been a bleak one for California State Polytechnic College, the pride of the California mission city of San Luis Obispo—five games lost and only one victory. All the same, an adventurous excitement built up as the squad got ready for its one big faraway fling of the year, a game with Bowling Green State University near Toledo, Ohio. After recoiling at the cost of a four-engined plane, the school settled on a charter from Arctic-Pacific Airlines (\$7,700) in a C-46, a tired, twin-engined relic of World War II.

Year before, an overloaded Arctic-Pacific plane had made a forced landing with the Cal Poly team, and this time the stay-at-homes jokingly plastered the team's lockers with pictures of air crashes. Even so, many an envious rooter turned out to see the 35 members of the team, four coaches, the manager, doctor and a sports writer from the San Luis Obispo *Telegram-Tribune* off on the big junket.

Down the Runway. The eastbound trip was uneventful. While Bowling Green mangled Cal Poly 50-6, the chartered C-46 flew on to ferry the Youngstown University squad to New Haven, Conn., then turned back to take Cal Poly home. At take-off time, Toledo airport was soaked in solid with fog. Brent Jobe, an end and student pilot, told his friends that he thought it was crazy to take off. Head Coach Leroy Hughes talked worriedly to the copilot. But Pilot Donald Leland



CALIFORNIA STATE POLYTECHNIC STUDENTS AT MEMORIAL SERVICE
No homecoming.

Ralph Crane—Life

John Chesher, 39, who got paid only for time he was in the air, elected to fly. So thick was the fog that he first scouted the concrete apron on foot to spot parked planes so he would not run into them as he taxied out. Then he got an airport mechanic to walk ahead of him and through the mist point the way as he inched the plane toward take-off.

"Can you see many runway lights?" asked the tower. "I can see three," came the answer. The tower operator reminded Chesher that the lights were 300 ft. apart: Chesher could see less than 1,000 ft. down a runway that had a 4,000-ft. take-off minimum.* Nevertheless, the C-46's engines surged, and the plane lumbered off down the runway. Moments later there was an explosive crash. When rescue crews finally groped their way through the fog, they found the C-46 mangled and torn on a taxiway to the left of the runway. Twenty-two passengers in the crumpled, burning nose section were dead. Twenty-six in the broken-off tail section got out alive with various stages of injury. The dead included 16 members of the Cal Poly squad.

The Wrong Seat. The plane was clearly overloaded. And the crash seemed even more inexcusable when the Federal Aviation Agency turned to its records on Pilot Chesher. A veteran of the R.C.A.F. and U.S. Army Air Forces during World War II, Chesher had been flying for Arctic-Pacific for three years. Over the years he was charged with nearly a dozen violations of civil air regulations—falsifying engine time (an old trick of shaky, non-scheduled airlines to stretch the time between mandatory engine inspections), flying more hours during a given period than

safety regulations permit, falsifying a manifest to show a copilot who was not aboard, etc. After a formal hearing, his license was suspended last July by FAA, and Arctic-Pacific was fined \$16,000. Chesher appealed and, pending a review, he was free to fly. When rescue workers recovered his body from the wreckage, they found it strapped in the right-hand cockpit seat. Despite the fog, Donald Chesher had apparently turned over the pilot's seat to a less-experienced man: Copilot Howard Perovich, 30 (whose mother and sister-in-law died with him in the crash).

It was small comfort to San Luis Obispo that the FAA belatedly grounded all Arctic-Pacific planes. Through the week, while its flags hung at half mast, the town was as glum as the cool, grey fog that rolled in from the Pacific. Cal Poly remembered Halfback Vic Hall, an alternate 400-meter sprinter on the 1960 Olympic team. Vic wore contact lenses and had not wanted to play football, but the weak team needed him for his exceptional speed, so he had agreed to play. There was Curtis Hill, an end from Bakersfield, a smiling, studious, religious boy who had walked the campus squeezing a tennis ball to strengthen his wrists. His friends recalled that he had hoped to play pro ball with the San Francisco 49ers. There was Tackle Rodney Baughn, who was engaged to marry a Cal Poly coed who had just bought her wedding dress. All were dead, along with 13 of their buddies.

"What words are of any use when you have to call a family and tell it a son is dead?" asked Dean Clyde Fisher. The student body gathered sadly for a memorial service in the gym, and the rest of Cal Poly's football season, including the homecoming game with Los Angeles State, was canceled. It seemed doubtful that Cal Poly would ever field another football team again.

* Meanwhile, the first leader of the 13 insurgents broke with the others; the remaining twelve quarreled, split into two groups.

* The tower operator had no authority to stop him. Fields may be officially closed to incoming planes, but under civil aviation rules, a properly qualified pilot is the final judge of whether it is safe for him to take off.

FOREIGN NEWS

WEST GERMANY

The Reluctant Rich

Most of the rest of the world cheered the West German economic miracle. Infinite hard work, self-denial and good direction had put a war-racked people back on its feet; in an exposed sector of the cold war, a trouble spot became a source of strength. Now, with its industry rebuilt and its commerce thriving, how was West Germany using its strength? To the alarm of many of its allies who had helped the Germans in their time of trouble, West Germany is acting like a penny-pinching miser among nations, more intent on adding to its riches than on taking its responsible place in the world as a major creditor nation.

Replying with Excuses. West Germany's gold and hard-currency reserves have increased at the spectacular rate of \$1 billion a year, now stand at \$7.34 billion, more than double Britain's holdings. For four years, the Western allies have been pressing the Germans to channel some of this burgeoning wealth into foreign aid to underdeveloped lands. But Bonn answered with excuses: in 1957, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer protested he could not strain his budget in an election year; in 1958, it was a brief recession; since then, only a pittance has been produced, none of it very philanthropic.

Adenauer's experts claimed that West German aid abroad in 1959 amounted to \$820 million. But the claim is more impressive than the reality. The Germans include in the total their contributions and their profitable loans to the World Bank. Also included is the "cost" of sales abroad under Bonn's short-term credit plan that gives guarantees to German firms selling in hard-up areas of the world; in many cases, struggling small nations operating under this system repaid the Germans with dollars granted them under U.S. aid programs, adding further to West Germany's currency reserves. Actually, West Germany last year coughed up a mere \$5,000,000 in cash grants, loaned abroad (at 5% to 6%) only \$100 million in long-term credits.

Letter from Ike. All this did not go down well with those who recalled that sympathetic creditors—mostly U.S.—for-gave over \$1 billion in German prewar debts at the 1953 London Debt Conference, and that the U.S. Government agreed to wipe \$2.2 billion in postwar aid debts off the books to help the Germans along. And though West Germany's defense depends largely on keeping U.S. and British troops stationed on its territory, the Germans have doggedly insisted on trimming their share of the costs of maintaining and supporting them. In 1958, German troop-support payments to Britain were sharply reduced, and half the \$600 million Bonn promised for U.S. defense forces in 1957 has never been paid.

The current international gold crisis

has made the problem increasingly critical. The disproportionate U.S. contribution to Western defense and foreign aid is a major part of the gold exodus that has lowered U.S. bullion reserves from \$24 billion in 1948 to \$18.5 billion today. In September, U.S. officials spoke bluntly to Bonn's visiting Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard. But the real holdout appears to be Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. President Eisenhower himself has privately written Adenauer asking for more German help. Later this month, both Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson and Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon will travel to Bonn to put the case to the Chancellor in person. They are considering slashing local purchases of German supplies for U.S. troops stationed in Germany; there is even talk of sending home the families of U.S. servicemen to cut dollar spending in Germany further.

Aware of Washington's rising anxiety, Bonn talks of a new, \$710 million aid scheme for underdeveloped areas, to be financed partly by private industry. But this project is vague and undefined, and the government has not thrown its full weight behind it. Nor is there assurance that businessmen will go along; significantly, *Wirtschaftsdienst*, the influential organ of industry, recently complained that Germany's own internal expansion requires all the spare cash available. But, although Konrad Adenauer would be able to protest that another election is coming up, it looked as if the Germans might be hooked for at least some contribution. Reporting the impending Dillon-Anderson visit, Hamburg's *Die Welt* commented gloomily: "The Federal Government is disturbed . . . giving up money seems inevitable."

The Diligent Deputy

Fellow Bundestag Deputies thought of Socialist Alfred Frenzel, 61, as a dull fellow but a beaver for work. His diligent legislative spadework on any topic assigned him earned him a prized seat on the defense committee. There one of his proudest accomplishments was pushing through the adoption of a new vitamin-enriched bread for the West German army. Said a colleague: "No report was too tedious for him, no inspection trip too long."

A stout anti-Nazi, Frenzel chaired the Bundestag committee on restitution to victims of Nazism and last week in the Bundeshaus gave such an eloquent address on the topic that Chancellor Konrad Adenauer rose to say: "Herr Frenzel, you have done us a great service." A few minutes later Alfred Frenzel was arrested as a Communist spy.

Loaded Ointment. For months West German secret police had suspected that there was a security leak in the defense committee. Last week police agents trailed two suspected couriers to the Bonn Airport, seized the pair for questioning after one had booked passage to Vienna. In their luggage the police found a dry-cell battery and a tin of "Vaselen ointment." Inside the battery were microfilms of a secret, detailed West German defense budget and a secret list of all West German naval vessels. When a government agent tried to open the ointment, it blew up in his face; the tin had been booby-trapped with just enough explosive to destroy the evidence.

One of the couriers, traveling under the name of Altmann, readily identified himself as a Czech army major and his com-



ERHARD & ADENAUER

When did thrift become miserly?

Keystone

panion as a Czech army captain. Each copy of classified government documents is identifiable by a secret mark, and the marks on the microfilmed papers pointed straight to Frenzel. Tapped on the shoulder in the Bundestag a few minutes after finishing his speech, Frenzel meekly began mumbling a confession during the ride to Karlsruhe Prison.

Cought by Blackmail. A Sudeten German born in Czechoslovakia, Frenzel fled to Britain after Munich and returned to Czechoslovakia at the end of the war with the liberating army. At first he tried to work with the coalition government of Eduard Benes. When he saw that the Czechs meant to expel all Sudeten Germans, he gave up and moved to Bavaria. With his clean anti-Nazi record, Frenzel quickly established himself in Bavaria's Socialist Party, reached the Bundestag in 1953. But during his period of dicker with Benes, Frenzel apparently made written commitments that would have ruined him politically with other Sudeten Germans, who have settled in Bavaria in large numbers and comprise a large percentage of his constituents. The Communists, taking over after Benes, used the statements to blackmail Frenzel into espionage.

Frenzel told the Communists plenty. Across his desk for seven years flowed defense budgets, tables of organization, precise plans for the purchase of equipment and weapons. In defense committee briefings, Frenzel even heard excerpts from NATO's supersecret Document MC-70, spelling out NATO goals in manpower and weapons. Said one Western expert: "He got both documents and general policy, and that's ideal."

The Socialists hastily expelled Frenzel from the party—and hoped that he would not cost them heavily at the polls. West German officials talked of tightening up security regulations, notoriously lax at the lower levels because of the postwar aversion to anything that resembled the snooping of Hitler's thought-policing Gestapo. But the official estimate is that the Communist countries maintain about 16,000 agents in West Germany and West Berlin, and in the past nine years about 20,000 Communist spies have been arrested. Frenzel was the biggest catch of them all.



DEPUTY FRENZEL
Applause—then a tap on the shoulder.

GREAT BRITAIN

Family Feeling

Bearing none of the scandalous overtones it would have in the New World, the practice of nepotism in political life is an ancient and honorable part of England's history. Lord Grey, as Prime Minister in the 1830s, arranged lucrative or influential public offices for no fewer than 17 of his relations. The Cecils have done even better, with a tradition of influential connections unbroken since the reign of Elizabeth I. Nineteen relatives of the present leading Cecil, the Marquess of Salisbury, sit in Parliament today; eight of them were members of Anthony Eden's government in 1956. One of the solid convictions of these people is that their own kin and kind are simply the best people for the job.

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan married into a family that stoutly upheld the tradition. Among the relatives of Lady Dorothy (daughter of the ninth Duke of Devonshire) still prominently around: Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller (known to

fellow M.P.s as "Sir Reginald Bullying-Manner"), Attorney General; Lord Balmiel, former Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Treasury and Ministry of Public Housing; Robert Boothby, the able and voluble Scottish M.P. who was elevated to the peerage. Then there is David Ormsby-Gore, brother-in-law of the Prime Minister's son, Maurice; he is Minister of State for Foreign Affairs.

Adding to his government last week, Harold Macmillan saw no reason to deviate from custom. Into office as Secretary of State for Air went Julian Amery, Macmillan's son-in-law; the eleventh Duke of Devonshire, his wife's nephew, became Parliamentary Undersecretary for Commonwealth Relations. For the honorific task of moving the reply to the Queen's speech from the throne, Macmillan chose his son Maurice from the rank of Tory backbenchers.

"Clearly, he must have a dearth of other material on his benches," commented an opposition M.P. acridly. Retorted a Tory: "It is a man of courage who is not afraid to allocate the posts in his ministry regardless of family relationships."

Labor Pains

From the corridor outside the committee room in the House of Commons, the sound of muffled shouts and strident interjections suggested a pitched battle. But it was only a meeting of 253 Laborite M.P.s, debating whether Hugh Gaitskell should be re-elected leader of Britain's Labor Party.

Gaitskell was indeed battling for his political life. At the Labor Party conference at Scarborough last month, Gaitskell's foes had rammed through a resolution endorsing unilateral nuclear disarmament for Britain. Defiantly, Gaitskell, a determined supporter of NATO, refused to accept the vote as official Labor policy or as binding on him, argued that only the party's elected representatives in Parliament could finally speak for the Labor Party. He insisted that the "Parliamentary Party," which is British shorthand for all Labor Members of Parliament, still backed him and his policy of maintaining the nuclear deterrent in alliance with the U.S. and NATO.

His challenger was Harold Wilson, chan-



Reuter—European
AMERY



London Daily Express
DEVONSHIRE



Larry Burrows
M. MACMILLAN



Tves DeBroune—FORTUNE
ORMSBY-GORE



Camera Press—FIR
MANNINGHAM-BULLER

On the opposite bench, a dearth of kin.

cellor in Gaitskell's "Shadow Cabinet." At 41, "Little Harold" (as he is known in political chatter to differentiate him from "Big Harold" Macmillan) is rated the brightest but most nakedly ambitious of Labor's younger generation. Though he opposes unilateral disarmament as vigorously as Gaitskell himself does (in fact, he helped write Gaitskell's pro-NATO defense plank), Little Harold saw a chance for political advancement in the unilateralist rebellion, offered himself as leader on a vague program of compromise. But when the moment came, the usually glib Wilson stumbled. "A bad case badly put," sighed one disapproving Laborite. When the votes were counted last week, Gaitskell had defeated Wilson 166 to 81. Relaxing, the M.P.s greeted the results with a full minute of applause.

The shattered party then adjourned its fight to Parliament, where Unilateralist Sydney Silverman warned Rab Butler, Conservative House leader, that Gaitskell "doesn't speak for his party in defense matters." Happily, Butler agreed that the Tories would take into account whatever "Hydra-headed arrangements may emerge."

Their tempers already short from the intraparty fight, leftist Labor M.P.s exploded last week when Prime Minister Harold Macmillan announced that Britain had agreed to allow the U.S. to use the port of Holy Loch on Scotland's Firth of Clyde as a base for Polaris submarines. In describing the agreement, Macmillan stretched things a bit by promising that the submarines would never fire their Polaris missiles without "fullest possible consultations." The U.S. State Department kept politely mum, but unnamed U.S. officials leaked to reporters the fact that there was no guarantee of consultations if some emergency required instant reaction. Britain's Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Home, hastily explained that Macmillan had actually meant "consultations wherever possible," and Defense Minister Harold Watkinson added that, at least within territorial waters, "our control is absolute."

FRANCE

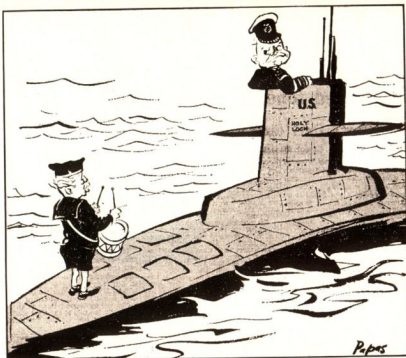
Old Man, New Course

Old France, weighed down with history, endlessly vacillating from greatness to decline, but revived, century after century, by the genius of renewal!

Old man, exhausted by ordeal, feeling the approach of the eternal cold, but always watching in the shadows for the gleam of hope!

—War Memoirs of De Gaulle

Three weeks short of his 70th birthday, President de Gaulle went into four-day seclusion at his country retreat in the Champagne region of northeastern France. He tramped in his damp wooded fields ("I have walked them 15,000 times"), sat in the tower study he has added to the old stone farmhouse, working on his first radio-TV speech in five months.



Pops—Manchester Guardian

"PLEASE, SIR—IF YOU PRESS THE BUTTON, CAN I HAVE A LIFE BELT?"

Never since he returned to office nearly 2½ years ago had the necessity to speak rested so heavily upon him.

Only last January, after quelling a settlers' revolt in Algiers and cracking down hard on its army backers, the President had seemed the unchallenged master of events, quite evidently on his way to ending the Algerian rebellion by applying his proclaimed principle of self-determination. Then, at Melun last summer, he laid down such exacting terms at the first peace parleys that the rebels turned away

and flung themselves into the arms of Moscow and Peking, in search of military and diplomatic support.

Room for Maneuver. Within France itself, the pent-up hopes and fears of all the years burst out in an ugly backwash of bitterness. De Gaulle found himself caught between a left demanding that France negotiate peace and a right insisting that war be waged to the bitter end. In Paris last week, 200 cops manned the gates and roofs of the Palais de Justice as Pierre Lagaillarde, cocky right-wing leader of the January insurrection, went on trial with 19 others for insurrection against the state. In Algiers, police cordoned the squares to head off threatened protest riots and hustled a dozen "activists" to exile in France. Like a man seeking room to maneuver, wily General Raoul Salan, the ex-army commander whom De Gaulle forbade to return to Algeria, suddenly took off by train for a "vacation" in Spain, where he proclaimed: "If it should be that Algeria does not remain French, I would go to fight anywhere that was necessary."

In this atmosphere of disintegration and defiance, De Gaulle delivered a short, powerful broadcast. He proclaimed a new course in Algeria: "This course no longer leads to an Algeria governed by Metropolitan France, but to an Algerian Algeria—an Algeria that will have its own government, its institutions, and its laws." If the new Algeria chose to break with France, "we would certainly not persist in remaining by force alongside people who would reject us."

There was no longer any mention of the possibility that Algeria would choose union with France. To the open threats



Rapho-Dalme

FERHAT ABBAS
Too late a gleam?

of some army officers that they will revolt if Algeria is lost. De Gaulle replied that he would call a popular referendum, if necessary, to put through his Algerian decision. More than that, he threatened to dissolve Parliament and, as a last resort, take up the dictatorial powers open to him under his constitution's Article 16 if extremists stand in his way.

Easing up on his old insistence on war till the Algerians "check their knives in the cloakroom," De Gaulle said that the military situation has "improved," hinted that it might be possible for France unilaterally to break off military operations in Algeria, "except in legitimate self-defense." Then he made his major concession. Retreating from his Melun stand that only cease-fire terms could be discussed with the rebels, he called for "general negotiations" including the F.L.N., and thereby opened the possibility of talks on the whole political future of Algeria.

Visible Evidence. In Algiers, Europeans were stunned. They could only murmur over and over: "He referred to an Algerian republic." One activist growled: "*On est foutu* [We've had it]. It's up to the army to assume its responsibilities." But the army was sobered by De Gaulle's threat to go to the country for approval, and some officers openly spoke up in grudging admiration ("There's fight in the old man after all," said a major in Algiers). "It's a big step forward," said an Algerian Moslem.

Once again, President de Gaulle had renewed the gleam of hope in France. Question was whether it was too late. Early in the week, the F.L.N.'s "Premier" Ferhat Abbas celebrated the sixth anniversary of the rebellion's start at a monster rally in Tunis, and in his speeches he displayed a new truculence. Said he: "We took up arms as the last resort, when all peaceful means had failed. We will not surrender them now on some vague self-determination promise that would be implemented by an army, an administration, and a police force that are opposed to the very principle of self-determination." The reason for his intransigence was plainly visible behind him, where Russian and Chinese dignitaries sat and beamed like the welcome allies they were.

IRAN

An Heir at Last

Like any expectant father, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi himself drove his young wife to the hospital. It was early morning, but the Teheran streets were already thick with traffic, and the royal couple were quickly noticed. When the car stopped at the Mother's Aid Society Hospital, a crowd gathered outside. Just before noon, Queen Farah Diba, a robust, 22-year-old commoner who still holds the Iranian schoolgirls' record for the high and standing broad jump, gave birth. "Your Majesty, it's a boy!" cried Dr. Jahanshah Saleh, who is both the Queen's obstetrician and Iran's Minister of Health. The Shah raised his hands over his head



René Burri—Magnum

PRINCE REZA

A prop for the Peacock Throne.

in thanks to Allah for the heir for whom he had been hoping 21 years.

To a crowd of clamoring reporters, Dr. Saleh described the baby. "It's big. He has the soft black eyes of Queen Farah, the mouth and chin of the Shah." The Shah himself took a look and exclaimed: "God Almighty, it's a good boy." To celebrate, he declared a two-day national holiday, a 20% cut in income taxes and amnesty for 98 prisoners. Cannons boomed a 41-gun salute, and Teheran residents poured into the streets. When the Shah tried to leave the hospital that afternoon, a shouting, jostling mob surrounded his car and forced it to a halt. Police had to unlimber fire hoses to restore order.

Farah Diba had succeeded where two before her had failed. The Shah's first wife, Fawzia, sister of Egypt's then King Farouk, bore him a daughter but no son, and he divorced her in 1948. His seven-year marriage to Soraya, handsome daughter of a German-Iranian family, proved barren. His throne is none too secure, and the Shah and his advisers were convinced that a male heir was imperative if the monarchy was to survive. Regrettably, he divorced Soraya in 1958 and last year married Farah Diba, who had caught his eye while a blue-jean-clad student of architecture in Paris. The baby came ten months later. Even the day was lucky; it was the 34th anniversary of the day the Shah's father, a onetime army noncom named Reza Khan, seized the throne by military coup and established the Pahlavi dynasty.

In his recently published memoirs, *My Mission to My Country*, the Shah criticized his own upbringing as too harsh and promised that he would give his son a democratic education. But as long as the Shah hangs onto his throne, the boy will not escape the trappings of royalty. Some time within a year or so, when the Shah celebrates his own much delayed coronation, young Prince Reza Cyrus will be perched atop his father's knee on the Peacock Throne.

MUSCAT & OMAN

Sultan's Salute

For more than 150 years, Britain has been on stout-fellow terms with the Sultans of Muscat and Oman, a stretch of mountain and desert that the British Navy admired for its excellent harbors conveniently located near the entrance to the Persian Gulf. The great Nelson spent two months there as a midshipman in 1775; an early 19th century Sultan presented the Admiralty with a ship of the line in gratitude for British protection.

Few Britons could point to Muscat and Oman on a map. It was no wonder, then, that, totting up its scores of 200 national anthems that Navy ships play on official courtesy calls to foreign ports, the Admiralty this year discovered that it lacked an up-to-date version of Muscat's. The only version available was a B-flat clarinet score. The Admiralty asked the Foreign Office to forward the score to its man in Muscat for verification.

Six weeks later, Foreign Secretary Lord Home got a reply from the British Consul General in Muscat detailing his findings: "The Sultanate has not, since 1937, possessed a band. None of the Sultan's subjects, so far as I am aware, can read music, which the majority regard as sinful. The manager of the British Bank of the Middle East, who can, does not possess a clarinet. Even if he did, the dignitary who, in the absence of the Sultan, is the recipient of ceremonial honors and who might be presumed to recognize the tune is somewhat deaf. Fortunately, I have been able to obtain, and now enclose, a Gramophone record that has on one side a rendering by a British military band of the *Salutation and March to His Highness the Sultan of Muscat and Oman*."

"The first part of the tune, which was composed by the bandmaster of a cruiser in 1932, bears a close resemblance to a pianoforte rendering by the bank manager of the clarinet music enclosed with your lordship's dispatch. The only further testimony I can obtain of the correctness of this music is that it reminds a resident of longstanding of a tune once played by a long-defunct band of the now disbanded Muscat infantry, and known at the time to noncommissioned members of His Majesty's forces as (I quote the vernacular) *Gawd Strike the Sultan Blind*."

"I am informed by the acting Minister of Foreign Affairs that there are now no occasions on which the *Salutation* is officially played. The last occasion on which it was known to have been played at all was on a Gramophone at an evening reception given by the Military Secretary of the Sultan, who inadvertently sat on the record afterwards and broke it."

The Foreign Office had no comment, but a Navy man said admiringly: "They do write good letters down in Muscat." Fact is the British Consul General has little else to do, apart from requesting manumission for escaping slaves, who by tradition become entitled to freedom if they can manage to enter his compound and clasp both hands around his flagpole.

TURKEY

A Time of Trial

Even to the most ardent supporter of Turkey's new military regime, the mass trial on Yassiada Island of hundreds of officials of the old civilian government seemed to be off to a shaky start. It was bad enough to begin with the trivial charge that ousted President Celal Bayar—onetime companion in arms to the late great Kemal Ataturk—had gyped the government in the sale of a shaggy dog. Last week the prosecution seemed intent on proving only that ex-Premier Adnan Menderes, married and the father of three sons, was indiscreetly fond of girls.

Coreless Diva. The girl in the case was Turkish Opera Singer Ayhan Aydan, now a plumpish, red-haired 36. In 1951, just after her divorce from Ankara State Orchestra Conductor Ferit Alnar, Ayhan caught the eye of Menderes at a luncheon party. She was then a svelte 27, he a handsome and roving-eyed 52. In no time at all Premier Menderes was such a frequent caller at the singer's apartment that other tenants grew grumpily accustomed to being stopped and searched by bodyguards. Ayhan's apartment was kept plentifully stocked with Menderes' favorite Black Sea caviar and *raki*. For favors rendered, Menderes presented Ayhan with a black-lacquered American-style bar, a Buick of her own, and the use of a government limousine and chauffeur.

By 1955 Menderes was spending more and more time with a new mistress, and Ayhan evidently decided that the way to hold him was to have a baby. Though she told investigators she had twice before been pregnant during her affair with the Premier, each time aborting, she now realized: "I loved him very much, I wanted to bear his child." When she went

into labor, she hurriedly called Istanbul's Dr. Fahri Atabey, who had treated her in a previous interrupted pregnancy, asked him to come to Ankara in a hurry.

According to the prosecution, Dr. Atabey drove to Ayhan's Ankara apartment, arriving after the local doctor who delivered the baby had left, and put the baby to death under "encouragement" from Menderes. But the testimony in court was otherwise. Both Ayhan and Dr. Atabey said that he got there hours after the baby had died of natural causes.

Pretty Lace. Before calling Menderes, the prosecution attempted to set the scene by offering in evidence a pair of lace-trimmed silk panties found in his office safe in an envelope marked "historical records." Sneered Assistant Prosecutor Fahrettin Ozturk: "Now we know how tirelessly Menderes worked for the nation and why he used to say he was too busy to attend the National Assembly." On the stand, Menderes, haggard from five months' imprisonment, admitted to having had an affair with the singer, but denied being an accomplice to murder. "I never saw her face after the death of the baby. I was having a new affair, but we separated in a friendly way." Asked about his new innamorata, the old lover smiled broadly, "Let's forget about that." The audience laughed.

Other Misfire. The prosecution had done no better in attempting to prove that Bayar and Menderes had arranged to have a bomb planted near Ataturk's birthplace in the Greek city of Salonica in order to incite anti-Greek riots in Turkey in support of Turkish claims to Cyprus. The bombing touched off wild disorder in Istanbul, in which 73 Greek churches were destroyed and 4,000 Greek shops looted, with the loss of a vast quantity of irreplaceable religious art.

By arresting all the material witnesses, the new Turkish government had guaranteed there would be a minimum of evidence. A former concierge at the Turkish consulate in Salonica, who had confessed the bombing to Greek authorities, and a Turkish student who admitted being in on the plot both retracted their confessions, claimed their earlier admissions were obtained by force or trickery.

Shortly after the riots, Greek Orthodox Patriarch Athenagoras had protested to Menderes that the violence seemed to be concerted and guided "by an unknown hand." On the witness stand, the patriarch admitted that he had no specific knowledge to back up his charge; he had gotten his information second hand. But two hours before the riots broke out, said Athenagoras, he had received a phone call from the governor of Istanbul, now one of the defendants, informing him, "There may be some demonstrations over Cyprus. But don't worry."

Wrecking Crews. More impressive was the testimony of Turkish General Arif Onat, who said he was appointed by Menderes after the riots to try to divert blame to anonymous "Communists." Said Onat: "I am fully convinced that the events were prearranged by the government. With my own eyes I saw looters being followed by the police, not to prevent their looting but to prevent outside interference with their actions." Onat said he also saw riot leaders holding lists of buildings to be destroyed and shouting instructions and encouragements to their wrecking crews.

At week's end the prosecution announced that it would skip over to evidence that officials were silent partners in firms receiving millions of dollars in government contracts. But all in all, it was a poor show. Said one courtroom



Black Star

SINGER AYDAN TESTIFYING; EX-PREMIER MENDERES (CENTER), EX-PRESIDENT BAYAR (RIGHT)

Despite the panties, a poor show.



observer, a Turkish newsmen who had been haled into court on countless occasions for defying Menderes' oppressive press laws: "I fought Menderes, but not for this. If this is the best proof the government can produce, it would have been better to shoot the lot the morning of the revolution."

CONGO

The Heavy Burden

The most frustrated man in Manhattan last week was the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld. His Congo command, having backed all the main antagonists into corners, now seemed to be in full charge in Léopoldville, yet was powerless to create the solution it wanted. To bring back Parliament would probably be tantamount to re-electing the erratically irresponsible Patrice Lumumba; it might also send Colonel Joseph Mobutu's ragtag army up in flames. Besides, President Joseph Kasavubu was dead against it. To prop up Mobutu would incur the wrath of many of the U.N.'s African member nations, for they insist that Lumumba is the only—or at least the legally proper—man for the job. And just as Hammarskjöld was preparing to dispatch a 15-man African and Asian conciliation commission to seek a fresh approach to the whole mess, the U.N. Congo chief, India's Rajeshwar Dayal, sent back urgent word: Don't let them come yet; it would only create more chaos.

Groping for a solution, Hammarskjöld recalled Dayal to New York for consultation, simultaneously releasing Dayal's angry official report, which described Mobutu's regime as a "usurpation of political powers" and blamed much of the Congo's current troubles on Belgium, whose agents, said the report, were flocking back in to "exclude or obstruct" the U.N. itself. Promptly, the Belgians screamed "foul," hinted that Foreign Minister Pierre Wigny himself would fly over from Brussels to reply during this week's General Assembly debate. Then Hammarskjöld got word that even the U.S. was upset at the report. "We have every confidence in the good faith of Belgium and its desire to be of assistance in the Congo," huffed a State Department spokesman in Washington. "We therefore are unable to accept the implications to the contrary contained in various parts of the report." This week, when the General Assembly debated the resolution to decide which Congo faction should be seated in the U.N., other guns would open fire at the stolid Swede. Not the least of them would probably be the Soviet Union, which still longs to squeeze Hammarskjöld out of his job entirely. And then there was the irate Joseph Kasavubu to be dealt with. Without warning, the Congolese President, who for weeks has sat sphinxlike in his official mansion, suddenly announced he would fly to New York to make a bid for the Congo's U.N. seat at this week's debate. While he was there, he too, no doubt, would register his own protests with Dag Hammarskjöld.

CAMEROON

Appointment in Geneva

For years, one of Africa's busiest agitators was a dapper French Cameroonian medical doctor named Félix-Roland Moumié. In 1955, at the age of 29, he privately wrote Vyacheslav Molotov: "If ever I succeed in taking power in my country, I assure you I will build a socialist republic." But he indignantly denied that he was a Communist, described himself as no more than a pious Presbyterian. He was a familiar of the U.N.'s corridors, arguing that only he represented the will of the French Cameroonian people. He turned up in Moscow, was always welcomed by Kwame Nkrumah in Ghana and Sékou



Curtis Prendergast

MOUMIÉ
One sip too many.

Touré in Guinea, kept his terrorists busy making trouble in the Cameroun.

Early last month Moumié's business, currently reported to be obtaining Communist arms for the Congo's Patrice Lumumba, brought him to Geneva, a crossroads for left-wing African politicians flying between Africa and the Iron Curtain countries. Supplied, as always, with seemingly inexhaustible cash, and traveling for the moment on a Ghanaian diplomatic passport, he settled down to a comfortable life in a good Geneva hotel near the Lake Lemman shore. Moving in with him was a pretty French-Swiss brunette by the name of Liliane Friedli, 25, whom he had first picked up on a previous Geneva visit in June.

The Red Hand. Four weeks ago, after lunching with Liliane, Moumié excused himself, explained to her, "I have an important engagement. We're going to talk politics. You wouldn't be interested." When he returned late at night, he tossed fitfully, next morning awoke complaining of agonizing stomach pains. With a medical student's precision, he diagnosed his poison as thallium, a paralyzing ingredient

in certain rat poisons. Hurried to a hospital and placed in an iron lung, he came out of a coma long enough to murmur "Red Hand," the name of a counter-terrorist organization which operates in West Germany and Belgium against suspected arms suppliers to Algerian French Africa. He also muttered something about having been served two glasses of Pernod. The first tasted "all right," the second was "bitter." Last week he died, and blood tests showed that his diagnosis was right: it was thallium poisoning.

Liliane disappeared. Eventually she turned up in another clinic telling a wild story. Before he became ill, said Liliane, Moumié had told her, "If anything ever happens to me you must get hold of my briefcase at any cost." After leaving Moumié in the hospital, she said she had taken the case, hired a taxicab to take her to Paris, where she delivered the briefcase to the ambassadors of Ghana and Guinea. "They were crazy with joy to get it," she said. Returning to Geneva, she said she had seen a headline that police were looking for her, in her nervousness had gulped an overdose of sedatives.

In the Clear. For a while, Swiss police were inclined to accept Liliane as a casual pickup and a frustrated suicide. As she herself told reporters prettily, "I'm no Mata Hari." Then the *Tribune de Genève* reported that the afternoon Moumié died, Liliane had received a cable from the Guinea embassy in Cairo. The bulk was in code, but there was one oddly solicitous sentence in clear: "Please send us immediately your telephone number and some information on Moumié's health." Cairo, for a time, had been the headquarters from which Moumié directed terrorist activities in French Cameroun.

At week's end, police were only certain that Moumié, who lived by intrigue, had died the same way.

GUINEA

Willing to Take Dollars

The black leaders of Africa's emerging new nations endlessly complain that the outside world too often judges whose side they are on in the East-West struggle by whose aid they accept. Guinea's Red-leaning President Sékou Touré loudly proclaims that he is on no side, stubbornly insists he signed up for aid from Russia (\$35 million) and Red China (\$25 million) and brought in scores of Communist technicians, simply because he needed the money and expert advice.

Certainly Touré needed help from somewhere; for when Guinea voted itself out of the French community, France in a fit of pique cut off all aid. But when the U.S. proffered assistance more than a year ago, Touré was not much interested. Washington's standard aid contract violated Guinea's sovereignty, he said. He objected to clauses that would guarantee U.S. aid officials who worked in Guinea immunity from taxes and that require Guinea to state its other sources of aid. He balked at U.S. insistence on scrutinizing Guinea's proposed aid projects to make

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sure they were feasible. The Communists, sniffed Marxist Touré, parceled out their cash grants with no strings attached.

Month after month in Washington, Touré's negotiators bickered and quibbled over each paragraph in the proposed agreement, demanding in effect that the U.S. just hand over the cash and be done with it. Although aware that Touré was under pressure from the Communists to cut off his Western dealings altogether, the U.S. negotiators, partially hemmed in by U.S. laws, insisted that Guinea follow the rules if it wanted the aid.

Finally, a few weeks ago, the Guineans quietly signed on the dotted line—so quietly, in fact, that no announcement was made at all in Conakry newspapers until the U.S. embassy protested and then the news was buried in a one-paragraph item in the back pages.

It will be more months before the first small U.S. aid team in Conakry gets agreement for specific projects and settles on an estimate of costs. But Western officials happily noted that Guinea has also just concluded a credit agreement with Britain and a trade pact with West Germany. And a fortnight after the U.S. agreement was signed, Guinea's President Touré rose in the U.N. Assembly to criticize Khrushchev's bullying, shoe-thumping tactics. Added up, it all revived the hopes of many that the Red tint in Sékou Touré's cloak of "neutrality" was not necessarily permanent.

JAPAN

Assassin's Apologies

In a bleak cell at a Tokyo juvenile detention home one night last week, a mop-haired teen-ager mixed a palmful of tooth powder with a few drops of water and scrawled a message on the wall: "Seven lives for my country. Ten thousand years for His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor!" Then Otoyama Yamaguchi, 17, tore his bed sheet into strips, knotted them into a rope, stood up on a toilet bowl and hanged himself from the light fixture in the ceiling. Yamaguchi, who last month stabbed Socialist Chairman Inejiro Asanuma to death at a political rally, had lived his bloody samurai tradition to the end. His suicide was an act of *osewa*—apology to those inconvenienced by his murder of Asanuma.

The Socialists have tried to make Yamaguchi one of the top issues in the current Japanese election campaign. They called him a "cat's paw of monopolistic capitalist forces" (by which they meant Premier Hayato Ikeda's ruling Liberal Democrats) and paraded Asanuma's widow about in hope of a sympathy vote. After Yamaguchi's hanged body was found, Saburo Eda, acting chairman of the Socialists, shifted his ground and growled: "The fact that an important criminal was able to commit suicide exposes the utter irresponsibility of the authorities in charge."

Dead or alive, Assassin Yamaguchi was not good for many votes. But, as a martyr, Yamaguchi might yet inspire fresh violence from the small but dan-

gerous band of Japanese who share his fanatical right-wing views and uphold the prewar tradition of political assassination. Last week a group of them went to the jail, presented the boy's parents with a burial coat, kimono and belt, then escorted the body of their hero home.

NORTH KOREA

The Flying Horse

In the seven years since the fighting stopped, North Korea has become something of a showcase (with plenty of window dressing) for Communism in Asia. Pyongyang (pop. 800,000) has a Stalin Allee just like East Berlin's, a vast opera house and a vaster sports stadium. Forests



Pop Asia News-presser Alliance
PREMIER KIM IL SUNG
But inside, no heat.

of swinging cranes constantly add to the number of workers' apartment houses. The national emblem is a flying horse that decorates everything from matchboxes to tractors: the horse is supposed to be charging toward socialism at 300 miles a day. Premier Kim Il Sung's proclaimed ambition is to "reach and pass Japan's per capita production in ten years."

Like Prisons. The drawbacks to life in this dynamic workers' paradise are many. The apartment houses exist amid shacks, slums and vacant lots that still make up most of the city and never appear in the propaganda. Gaunt and suspiciously prison-like on the outside, the barracks-like apartment blocks have mess halls and community toilets but neither heat nor running water in the apartments themselves. But by rigid regimentation and the help of technicians from Eastern Europe, Communist North Korea has made impressive economic progress of a sort. Nine-

Not his real name. The real Kim Il Sung was a Korean guerrilla who bravely fought the Japanese occupiers in the 1919 uprising. The Communist interloper who took over power in 1948 simply swiped his name.

ty-five percent of the peasants are herded into Soviet-style communes. Factory workers toil 12 to 14 hours a day for wages that average \$21 a month in plants that often operate round the clock.

With the usual dazzle of unconfirmable statistics, the North Koreans proudly contrast their achievements with South Korea. The North has less than half the South's population (10 million v. 24 million), but the Communists fell her to 70% of undivided Korea's heavy industry, 90% of the electric power, 70% of the coal. Much of this capacity was destroyed during the Korean war, but the Reds say that by 1956 it was already back to prewar levels, and that since then output has doubled and even trebled. They claim that last year the North produced ten times as much steel as South Korea, five times more cement, just as much grain. Unfortunately, South Korea, badly led in the last days of Syngman Rhee and hardly led at all now, is suffering from economic confusion. It has received \$2.5 billion in American aid and is urgently asking for more, yet has announced a further devaluation of its debased currency. Many of its U.S.-built factories are not working. There are more than 1,500,000 unemployed—an eighth of the labor force. The temper of the North is ruthless purpose; the mood of the South lacks decisiveness and even direction.

Rival Patrons. North Korea is the Communist satellite where the struggle for paramountcy between Russia and China is most apparent, and it has benefited by the competition. The Chinese "volunteers" shed their blood in great numbers during the Korean war, but the Russians have long had the upper hand. Chinese Communist officers sit with North Koreans across the table from American and other United Nations representatives in the green truce-talks but at Panmunjom. But Russia has hitherto provided most of North Korea's arms, including MIGs, and all of Pyongyang Radio's praise has gone to Moscow for "truly great support and aid." The top prize for a heroic North Korean worker who exceeds his production norm is a trip to Moscow, not to Peking.

The Chinese are trying to stage a comeback. Last month Peking announced a \$105 million loan to North Korea and dispatched a high-powered military mission to Pyongyang to celebrate the tenth anniversary of China's entry into the Korean war. The loan will raise China's contribution to the North Korean economy to around \$500 million v. \$750 million from Russia. Last week Moscow riposted with an announcement that the Soviet Union has waived repayment by North Korea of one \$100 million Russian loan, agreed to defer repayment of another \$35 million.

Curiously enough, the mission's visit came just at the time when Khrushchev had been expected to make his first visit to North Korea, on his way home from his rambunctious visit to the U.N. But four weeks ago his trip was postponed or canceled without explanation.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Crises: Phony & Real

In full view of Castro spotters on the hills surrounding Guantánamo last week, some 3,000 U.S. sailors and marines with full combat gear moved into position in an "exercise" simulating the defense of the base against overland attack. At the same time, Rear Admiral Allen Smith Jr., commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, announced that U.S. minefields, "plainly marked," have been planted just inside the fence around Guantánamo's 24-mile perimeter. So that there could be no lingering doubt as to U.S. intentions,

Inevitably, the dictatorship is losing some popular support. At the peak, Castro had 90% of Cuba's people with him; the figure today is estimated at around 50%. One top underground leader told friends he no longer worried that servants would betray him. Cubans who used to dismiss the Communism charges as right-wing American propaganda are beginning to wake up. A shudder of fear swept Havana last week when a rumor got around that the government was planning to "nationalize" children along Communist lines.

On the List. So great was the rush to leave Cuba that the party-line National Confederation of University Professionals

Castro's Growing Arms

Cuban anti-Communists dedicated to the overthrow of Fidel Castro face a task that, militarily, grows tougher by the day. Last week a newly escaped Cuban army officer put it bluntly: "There must be a modern force of at least 6,000 men, well-trained in combined operations on land, sea and air, or else it will be thrown back into the sea." Starting in Castro's first week in power, 21 months of frantic arms buying has funneled enough military hardware into Cuba to equip no fewer than nine light divisions of 7,500 men each, give Cuba more firepower than has ever been seen in the Caribbean.

False Manifests. Castro's first guns came from the Belgians, whose enterprising arms salesman showed him the strong, light FN (Fabrique Nationale) 7.62-mm. rifle used by NATO. So anxious was Castro to get the rifles that he ordered 25,000 at double the usual \$75 price, plus 52 million cartridges, 2,000 new 9-mm. pistols, hundreds of machine guns and more than 100,000 artillery and mortar shells. At least twelve ships delivered 75% of the order before "friendly warnings" to Belgium by the U.S. forced a halt.

Castro agents got another 10,000 British Enfield rifles labeled as "hunting rifles," which were shipped from Antwerp. In Italy, they bought some \$2,500,000 worth of armaments, including four of Italy's excellent new 105-mm. howitzers with a range of 6.2 miles. A later deal for three LST-type landing ships was blocked by U.S. pressure. But clandestine shipments continue through Naples of arms from other nations—labeled "motors" and "used parts." As late as three weeks ago, a Greek Line freighter left Naples with Cuban-bought arms falsely manifested to Haiti.

Red Guns & Men. The Naples shipments are only a trickle compared to what Castro gets from Czechoslovakia, the Soviet bloc's export arsenal. By the end of August 1960, Czech-made R-2 .30-cal. rifles and other arms began leaving Stettin and Gdynia on Poland's Baltic coast in such quantity that Castro's Red-made arsenal doubled in two months, is now valued at more than \$300 million. With the equipment came the experts: some estimates put the number at 3,000 from Czechoslovakia and Russia, including 17 jet pilots. In return, scores of Cuban cadets and officers arrived in Prague for instruction.

Best estimates of Castro's arms: **Q** 100 tanks, 60 of them Russian and Czech vehicles in the 30- and 35-ton class plus four new 43-ton T-54 Soviet tanks that have night-fighting, infra-red sights and mount a 100-mm. gun, can outperform anything except the newest 63-ton U.S. M-103.

Q Twelve used MIG-15 jets, the same fighters clobbered by U.S. F-86s in Korea along with another eight or ten newer



PEASANT MILITIA MARCHING
More firepower than has ever been seen in the Caribbean.

President Dwight Eisenhower announced: "Our Government has no intention of agreeing to modification of these agreements, and will take whatever steps may be appropriate to defend the base."

Either because of the U.S. warning, or possibly because even the Cubans are tiring of the game, Castro's war cries were not quite so clangorous last week. Castro himself admitted that the invasion only "appears" imminent, and President Osvaldo Dorticós said weakly: "If they do not invade us, we have won a battle."

Down to 50%. The easing of the phony crisis turned Cuban eyes back to a real one at home: their fast disintegrating economy. Last week eggs, potatoes, peas, carrots and apples disappeared from Havana markets, newspapers took a second cut from twelve pages daily to ten, and government TV stations in Havana shrank to two. A year ago Havana had six.

scheduled a mass meeting to make members publicly swear to stay. The government has reportedly drawn up a list of engineers, petroleum specialists, executives to be halted at the airport.

The disillusioned still fled. Among them: Rulo López Fresquet, Castro's first Finance Minister; Julio Duarte Ruiz, president of the General Accounts Tribunal; Enrique Menocal, secretary of the Sugar Institute; seven Cuban seamen who jumped ship in the Panama Canal Zone; five Dominican exiles who tried to row their way to freedom in Florida.

In Havana's underground, the anti-Red Popular Revolutionary Movement, headed by Castro's former Works Minister Manolo Ray, issued a manifesto: "Under the pretext of freeing us from Yankee imperialism, we have been encircled with the yoke of Russian imperialism. Cubans! Rescue the Revolution from those who have betrayed it!"



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TIME, NOVEMBER 14, 1960



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MIG-17s. Total air force strength: 150 to 200 planes.

¶ An unknown quantity of Czech truck-mounted tactical rockets for field troops.

¶ 200 antitank 3.5-in. bazookas, more than 100 new 75-mm. and 105-mm. recoilless rifles; about 100 self-propelled howitzers and cannons, plus another 100 Communist 120-mm. heavy mortars.

¶ More than 500 Skoda 30-mm. and 40-mm. antiaircraft guns.

The significant switch in the last few weeks has been the downgrading of the 30,000-man regular army in favor of the 250,000-man militia. Last week Havana's militia went on a regular footing with military rank and new FN rifles. Castro called for militiamen to train on bazookas, mortars, antiaircraft guns. He also announced that the army-commanded militia would henceforth get its own commanders, starting with a cadre of 500 newly graduated officers.

Castro distrusts the old *barbudos* who fought against Batista and retain a personal stake in Cuba's liberty. Much easier to handle are the militiamen, who stood aside during the revolution and are now anxious to prove their zeal. Today the militia is held responsible for more and more army and police functions, patrolling Havana, guarding official buildings, commanding automobile check points. Tomorrow it might become Cuba's new Communist-minded, Communist-equipped army and, possibly, the strongest force in all Latin America.

URUGUAY

Two-Headed Leadership

The leaders of other Latin American nations could well take a look at tiny Uruguay last week and draw a lesson on how to make the best of a difficult coalition. After years of government mismanagement, Uruguay's peso has been freed and is now stable, the cost of living is slowing down, and the economy is so healthy that the government could pass up a U.S. loan offer of \$15 million. To make them more impressive, the accomplishments are the work of what would seem to be two political cats in a sack: fiery Benito Nardone, 53, a former traveling salesman who leads Uruguay's noisily reform-minded *ruralistas*, and wily Eduardo Victor Haedo, 59, a witty ex-teacher who bosses the rightist National (Blanco) Party. Two years ago when they joined forces to defeat the Colorado Party that had ruled Uruguay for 93 years, the losers scoffed: "They will fight, and we will laugh."

Helping Themselves. Today no Colorado laughs. In a rare exercise of statesmanship, Nardone and Haedo got together on a two-headed leadership that runs Uruguay with tough-minded efficiency. They serve on the nine-man Council of Government, whose rotating chairman is Uruguay's equivalent to President Nardone, the current chairman, and Haedo, who takes over March 1, together pushed through a successful program to save the country from spiraling inflation.

To avoid the feast-or-famine trade cycles associated with wool, traditionally Uruguay's No. 1 export, Nardone and Haedo began by modernizing cattle ranching and saw 1960 meat exports more than double the 1959 total. Next they aimed at crippling strikes, set up a government arbitration board that increased some obviously low wages but allowed no boondoggles. Another campaign: a balanced budget. Increases are scheduled for the army, police, health and education, but by dumping Uruguay's oldtime system of wasteful patronage and enacting its first national income tax, Nardone and Haedo see annual expenditures of \$120 million offset by receipts of \$131 million.

Up the Hill. Some of the aims alarm the Colorados, who have only three men on the governing council. They do not like the Nardone-Haedo plan for modernizing Uruguay's army, fear that it may be-



NARDONE & HAEDO
Two cats in a sack.

come a tool to keep the two leaders in power indefinitely. But about the worst the Colorados have done is to try to clip Haedo's wings in a farcical attempt at impeachment—because he failed to get congressional permission before leaving the country to attend the U.N. General Assembly in Manhattan. The chances are that the impeachment trial will get pigeonholed by the Senate. The nation is beginning to feel the effect of a stabilized economy, and only a foolish politician would annoy the voters.

An upcoming bumper wool clip of 120,000 tons will mean a new boost in living standards. More than \$70 million in private capital invested abroad has returned home to provide new capital and new jobs. Damage from last April's floods is repaired; electric power, in fact, had increased 35% by last July. Even Montevideo's normally belligerent students are quieting down as the Nardone-Haedo leadership slowly pushes Uruguay uphill.

IMPERIAL



IMPERIAL, CROWN FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON IN ALASKAN WHITE, DRESS DESIGNED BY ROXANNE FOR SAMUEL WINSTON

IMPERIAL OF 1961 is something of an engineer's triumph. Its already enviable status as America's most drivable, maneuverable fine car has been improved. Its traditionally unmatched ride is now even easier.

It is a styling triumph, as well. The classic design, the basic rule, is still in force . . . yet its fresh interpretations are brilliant and arresting: a crisply formal new grille . . . surprising, free-standing headlamps . . . rakishly suspended taillights . . .

a handsomely upholstered instrument panel.

One thing has not, and will not, change: the careful, deliberately paced manner of Imperial's building and assembly . . . the skill and patience which make it America's most carefully built car.

Your dealer invites you to drive one for an hour. It may occur to you that Imperial is a personal triumph, too.

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AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR

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"Simpatico" is the word, but don't try to translate it. You'll know the meaning when you jet South by Panagra—world's friendliest airline.

Simpatico is fine food, served with old-world graciousness in luxury restaurants. It's the special hospitality as gauchos welcome you to an asado. *Simpatico* is in the air wherever you go. You sense it in superb hotels. You feel it on South America's wonderful beaches.

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Simpatico is the fragrance of flowers in friendly South America. This carriageful cost only \$2.



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WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE



Jets

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TRAVEL
TIME
IN HALF

PEOPLE

Back in his adopted Himalaya skyscrapers for a closer look at the elusive Abominable Snowman, New Zealand's **Sir Edmund Hillary**, co-conqueror of Mount Everest in 1953, decided to extend the expedition. Reason: having earlier discovered some strange pawprints at high altitudes in the snow, Sir Edmund was almost ready to give up the hunt when, according to a letter just received by the expedition's sponsor (Chicago's Field Enterprises Educational Corp.), he happened upon a bearlike skin that his Sherpa guides—who may be con men of the highest-altitude order—swore to be the hide of a large Snowman. Wrote Mountaineer Hillary: "We regard it as a particularly significant exhibit."

Australia's hearty Prime Minister **Robert Menzies** has often been upbraided and spoofed by Down Under fashion arbiters for his addiction to wide-lapelled, double-breasted suits. Last week he broke down and accepted a gift from the Australian Wool Bureau. Handsomely got up in his new single-breasted ensemble, Menzies neatly excused his past preference for all wool and a yard wide: "I always thought I was helping the wool industry by wearing slightly more material than most people."

Close in the wake of the birth of a son to her royal ex-husband, Iran's former **Queen Soraya**, 28 and childless, turned up in Las Vegas in the unlikely company of TV's **Wyatt Earp** Actor Hugh O'Brian, 33. Heading for the gaming tables, Soraya professed herself a greenhorn at the deceptively simple game of blackjack. Soon relieved of about \$40 by

his beautiful visitor, Soraya's casino host sportingly volunteered: "She seemed to count pretty good." O'Brian, asked if he had serious matrimonial designs on his date, drawled: "You'd better ask the princess." Soraya, once a queen but never a princess, only smiled mysteriously.

When **Romano Mussolini** was a boy, his father, Italy's Dictator Benito Mussolini, who sawed passably on a violin, banned jazz in the country because it was "an expression of an inferior race." Romano and his older brother Vittorio soon became clandestine jazz buffs. Vittorio smuggled U.S. jazz records into the Mussolini household throughout the Fascist era, and on occasion Papa Mussolini would grudgingly admit that some of the disks had merit in a decadent way. But



MUSICIAN MUSSOLINI
Bop for Italy.

the Duce did not live to see the day when Romano, now 33, has won acclaim as one of Italy's coolest jazz pianists. Describing his music as a "cross between California and Eastern hard bop," Romano specializes in "Italian blues," plays entirely by ear, is also a self-taught harmonica and guitar player. Last week he was fronting a combo of five pieces that was packing them in on the Italian nightclub circuit.

Two fair blooms of Scandinavian beauty—Sweden's **Princesses Birgitta and Désirée**—were due in the U.S. this week for a ten-day round of social and ceremonial hoopla that had hostesses atwitter, eligible bachelors preparing to be at their dashing commoner best. Aside from being so easy on the eyes, the princesses both have attributes that are commendably down-to-earth. Lighthearted Birgitta, 23, teaches gymnastics in a pri-



Princesses Désirée & Birgitta
Smorgasbord for Jerusalem.

vate Stockholm elementary school; shy Désirée, 22, is duly qualified to teach kindergarten. A highlight of their visit, conveniently timed with the 50th anniversary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, will be a Tribute-to-Sweden Ball at Manhattan's Hotel Plaza—a smorgasbord benefit to raise funds for a new youth cultural center in Jerusalem.

On his 74th birthday Nationalist China's Generalissimo **Chiang Kai-shek** chose to underscore one of the hottest issues in the U.S. election by journeying to the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy within easy range of the Red Chinese coast artillery.

Bedded in Baltimore in a cast, Dr. **Milton Eisenhower**, 61, president of Johns Hopkins University, got word from doctors that his slipped disc will keep him out of action for another three months. With "great reluctance," brother Dwight accepted his resignation from advisory committees on Government organization and inter-American affairs.

In London to be a 20th Century-Fox movie version of *Cleopatra*, Cinemactress **Elizabeth Taylor** has lain ill for four weeks—at an "astronomical" cost in lost shooting time to Producer Walter Wanger. With a low, persistent fever, Liz was confined to the London Clinic, where she was under the care of two of Queen Elizabeth II's personal physicians. A semi-medical diagnosis of her mysterious ailment came from London's *Daily Mail*, which reckoned that Liz had contracted exotic Malta fever—a malady afflicting humans through goat's milk—while on a vacation in the Greek Islands. If that were so, it was surely the most costly Malta milk in cinematic history.



EX-QUEEN SORAYA & ACTOR O'BRIAN
Good card for Las Vegas.

EDUCATION

Costly Schooling for M.D.s

Simple inability to raise or even borrow the money is a major bar to the study of medicine in the U.S., reported the Association of American Medical Colleges last week. Spending an average of \$10,000, medical students pay about twice as much for their training as other graduate students. Yet two out of three nonmedical graduate students get an average \$2,000 a year in outside help, compared with \$500 for one out of two M.D. students. Unlike the prospective Ph.D., "who characteristically makes his living by going to school," the medical student or his family pays four-fifths of the cost of his education. Only 8% comes from scholarships and loans. About 21% comes from outside jobs that steal time from studies.

To take the pressure off medical students and attract better ones, the association urgently recommended a five-year aid plan costing \$86 million, to be raised by states and private sources. Last week New York's \$114 million Commonwealth Fund, long active in medical research, announced that it will switch much of its giving to medical education.

School for Spirit

"The place reeks of tent pegs and clean living," scoffs one critic about Scotland's famed Gordonstoun School. Founder Kurt Hahn, 74, is often accused of "Germanizing" British education. But as they met last week in London, 900 Old Boys of Gordonstoun took pride in more than the presence of a famed alumnus, Prince Philip, or the fact that Top People now clamor to get on the waiting list. Their real pride lay in the resolute character that they feel Gordonstoun gave them.

German-born Schoolmaster Kurt Hahn thought out his concept of a school while a student at Oxford's Magdalen College, where he watched tame deer browsing spiritlessly in the park and saw an analogy

with tame schoolboys. Turning to Plato's *Republic* for guidance, Hahn designed a stern academy to "molest" the overly contented. His "seven laws": 1) give children opportunities for self-discovery; 2) make them meet with triumph and defeat; 3) give them the opportunity for self-effacement in a common cause; 4) provide periods of silence; 5) train the imagination; 6) make games important but not predominant; 7) free the sons of the rich and powerful from the enervating sense of privilege.

In 1920 he put his laws to work in founding Germany's Salem School at Baden-Baden. Headmaster Hahn flourished until Hitler came to power and jailed him for loudly defying Nazism. Britain's Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald petitioned Germany's President Hindenburg, who freed Hahn to go to England. While Salem continued fitfully in other hands, Hahn started a new school at Gordonstoun on the bleakly beautiful Morayshire coast of Scotland.*

Moral Equivalent. Hahn used the perils of the nearby sea and mountains to make Gordonstoun unique among British public schools. Headmaster Robert G. Chew, who took over when Hahn retired in 1952, continues the pattern. Last week 395 boys were busy ramming small boats through rough surf, manning coast guard lookouts, spotting forest fires and assaulting craggy cliffs, doing the school's chores and striving mightily to win badges for moral and physical fitness. Hahn is sure that Gordonstoun has found William James's "moral equivalent of war." Says

* Prince Philip went to Salem in the 1930s, but his inability to stifle his laughter when he saw Nazis strutting and saluting led his German relatives to transfer him to Gordonstoun, where he became *Guardian* (head boy). But for the switch, Philip might have graduated from Salem into the German armed forces, fought against Britain in World War II and never become the Queen of England's husband.

Hahn: "The last war proved a wonderful channel to canalize the spirit of adventure of the young, and to develop their courage and physical and mental resourcefulness. In peace, there is no means of doing this."

Gordonstoun's method is to give each boy a "training plan" that he is honor-bound to fulfill. Daily items: a dawn run on an empty stomach, two cold showers, calisthenics, "N.E.B.M." (no eating between meals), room cleaning, diary keeping, and silence during free periods to foster "intellectual life."

Unlike many British public schools, Gordonstoun is free of junior toadies and senior bullies. The harshest punishment is a solitary ten-mile walk. The school also curbs excessive academic competition, ranks academic achievement far behind such official report-card items as a boy's "ability to follow out what he believes to be the right course in the face of discomfort, hardships, dangers, mockery, boredom, skepticism and impulses of the moment." Striving to mix fishermen's sons with noblemen's sons, it sends more graduates to the Royal Navy and the merchant service than to universities.

Atlantic Colleges. Gordonstoun's success inspired the equally successful Outward Bound schools in England and Wales, where boys come each month from all over the Commonwealth to test themselves in rigorous physical trials on land and water. Hahn now has an even more ambitious idea: 14 "Atlantic colleges," a NATO-inspired chain of campuses from the U.S. to Turkey, where boys aged 16 to 18 would combine university preparation with training to "equip a young man morally and physically to help his fellows."

Last month private sponsors raised money to buy the first campus, St. Donat's Castle in Wales, onetime pleasure dome of U.S. Newspaper Tycoon William Randolph Hearst. Due to open next year, St. Donat's will use the Gordonstoun theory throughout its curriculum.

Philosopher in San Antonio

In San Antonio every Sunday morning, television viewers brace for an intellectual earthquake: Sidney Thomas Greenburg, 43, president of Roman Catholic Incarnate Word College, Greenburg bills himself not as teacher, preacher, lecturer or entertainer, but boldly as philosopher.

Talking with force, passion, glee and anger, he bucks for integration in education, which to him (though he backs racial integration too) means denouncing specialization in teachers, students and people at large. A bristling individual, he is concerned that "we are today witnessing the assassination of the individual person." Injecting Aristotelian logic into a discussion of pro football or Karl Marx, he has built up a Sunday intellectual ghetto audience of 75,000 listeners.

Greenburg is at work on a massive book (100,000 words so far) calling for integrated teaching in U.S. education. Passionate on the subject of "uneducated educators" (especially college presidents),



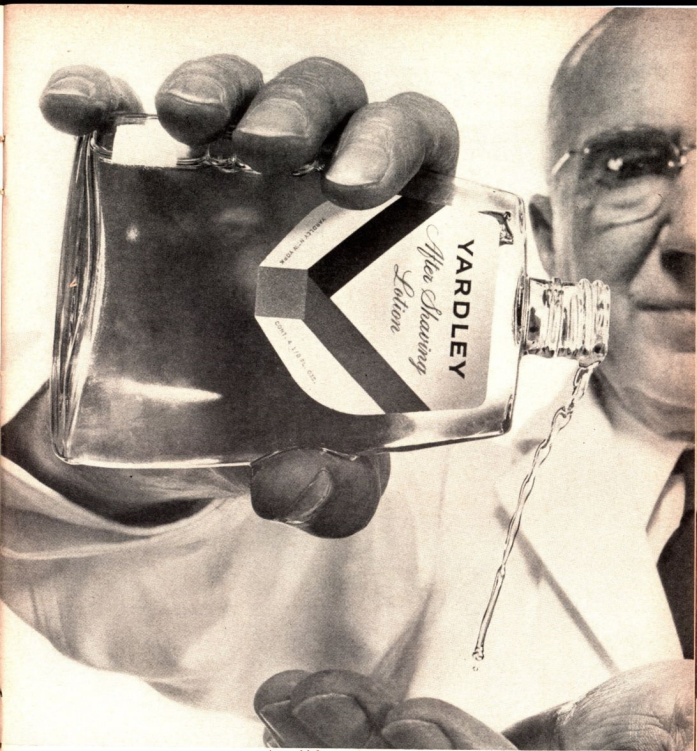
Associated Newspapers



The Illustrated London News

SCHOOLMASTER HAHN & GORDONSTOUN DORMITORIES

The right course in the face of danger, mockery, boredom and impulse.



A world-famous barber says:

"Some men seriously need after-shaving lotion. Some don't." Do you?



Charles De Zemler, the internationally admired barber, has seen many a close shave. "I've shaved princes and thieves (only rich ones, of course)," says De Zemler, "and I can tell you that there are as many types of skin as there are men. To some men, after-shaving lotion is no luxury!

"If, for instance, you live in a hot climate, you probably have more sensitive skin than

the man up North. Or, if you shave with an electric razor that passes over and over your skin, you need the healing agents and emollients in a really good after-shaving lotion. You need that conditioning, too, if your beard is heavy and you shave often. . . . or if you use brushless or aerosol foam instead of natural soap lathers."

About the best conditioning your skin can get, today, is in Yardley After-Shaving Lotion,

a blend of the latest healing agents and most effective emollients. No matter *how* you shave it's a big help.

Tip to men with "hyper-sensitive skin": for you there is a special new Yardley Tender Skin Lotion that soothes even the most sensitive skin. It's sting-free, sticky-free . . . In fact, it's almost as great as not having to shave at all. Many men who try it won't shave again without it. **YARDLEY**

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Bottled in Scotland

he says that education will return to its proper role of "perspective" only when it rediscovers teachers with "the intellectual guts to expose themselves to criticism and improvement." For five years Greenburg has exposed himself on San Antonio's commercial station WOAI-TV, driven his viewers to read one "great book" a week and sit still for the torrent of gibes, jokes, sneers and slang that he delivers with cheerful self-esteem after arduous homework (he has read *The Spirit of Medieval Philosophy* 444 times).

Jew to Catholic. Raised in Brooklyn, the son of a master cooper, Greenburg lost the use of his legs when he got polio at 16. He took up weight lifting, soon huffed through 500 knee bends at a time. (He now mows his lawn at a dead run, each day drives up to 200 golf balls 200 yds.) Jewish by family background, he was converted to Catholicism after reading St. Thomas Aquinas at Brooklyn's St. John's University. He took his doctorate at Columbia, where, despite the ubiquitous influence of John Dewey, he remained a disciple of Aquinas.

Greenburg has taught philosophy at Incarnate Word since 1949, with two years out as president of Benedictine Heights College, which was then slowly dying in Guthrie, Okla. He saved it by selling the grounds and moving the entire college to Tulsa, where it is now prospering. This year he became the first lay president of Incarnate Word (1,200 girls), where he has integrated science and religion to an unusual degree. (The college was racially integrated some time before the U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 ruling.)

Open Secret. All the while, Greenburg has hungered to bring San Antonio an educational TV station—"the most important tool ever put in the hands of the educational world." By last year, after seven years of trying, a group of like-minded citizens had raised only \$7,500 of a needed \$400,000. Taking over one afternoon, Greenburg marched into San Antonio's three commercial TV stations, raised \$150,000 from them. To keep the drive going, he climaxed his weekly telecasts crying: "If you want \$1,000,000 worth of education, send me a buck."

From Austin's KTBC-TV, in which Mrs. Lyndon Johnson holds a majority of the stock, came \$25,000; the Ford Foundation pledged \$40,000. With \$112,000 to go, Greenburg got another philanthropic windfall of \$55,000. Keeping it secret, he called a mass meeting of businessmen to spring his surprise. "I'll take 5% of what's left," cried a gleeful brewer. In ten minutes channel 9 had a full tilt.

Last month the FCC approved the educational station for San Antonio (46th in the U.S.). Last week, as building plans were being drawn, Greenburg promised that the new station will shun "canned material from the BBC and the Ford Foundation," will be strictly a platform for great teachers to "shame" poor ones. "The classroom won't be a secret any more," says Greenburg. "It will be open to the public eye, and brother, teachers had better perform."



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The Calvert Reserve on the right, and every bottle you buy, must match this "Standard of Excellence" for superb flavor, aroma and smoothness.

Excellence like this is attained by combining as many as 35 great straight whiskies with rare grain neutral spirits. The reason: All straight whiskies vary from distillation to distillation. They are never the same.

Thanks to this priceless "Standard of Excellence" you are assured that Calvert Reserve's magnificent taste and character never vary from bottle to bottle. That's why your first sip will say...



You deserve **Calvert Reserve**

Luck of the Irish?

What's wrong with Notre Dame?

Notre Dame's winning football tradition began in the '20s. As the glory years rolled on, the teams in the bright green jerseys acquired an air of invincibility. Football fans who had never been in Indiana, much less in South Bend, adopted the team and learned to cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame. In recent years the cheers were mingled with an occasional catcall, for Notre Dame was running into trouble. But even so, no one was prepared for this season's humiliation. Last week's 20-13 loss to Pittsburgh was the sixth in a row for Notre Dame—a record for ineptitude unmatched in the school's history. So what is wrong with Notre Dame?

The answer: plenty. And no one knows it better or more bitterly than Coach Joe Kuharich, 43, a massive, jug-eared man who weighs his words as though measuring out a prescription. As a boy growing up in South Bend, Kuharich used to be shepherded into practice by Notre Dame players and get an occasional greeting from Knute Rockne himself. From 1935 to 1937 Kuharich was a sturdy and aggressive guard on some of Notre Dame's solid teams (the three-year record: 19-5). Kuharich left Notre Dame with just one ambition: to return as head football coach. Kuharich got his wish after the 1958 season, when Notre Dame fired Terry Brennan on the charge that he had been a poor coach (his good record: 32-18). To return to Notre Dame, Kuharich willingly took a 50% pay cut from his job as head coach of pro football's Washington Redskins.

Cross to Bear. Although he loyally denies the fact, Kuharich was shocked by the poor material he inherited from Brennan. Not only was the squad weak in natural ability, but it did not measure up to Kuharich's stiff standards in the fundamentals of tackling and blocking. Last year Kuharich barely managed a 5-5 record. This year, with only three seniors recruited by Brennan on the squad, Kuharich was hit by a numbing series of injuries, including the loss for the season of Halfback Red Mack, an All-America candidate. But teams of the past would have found new All-Americans chafing on the bench. The trouble with Notre Dame football is far more basic than sidelined stars. When newsmen visit him, Kuharich fiddles with a letter opener during the long, painful interviews and says: "Time changes many things."

One of the changes is the fact that far fewer Catholic high-school football stars automatically long to go to Notre Dame. Too many other schools with bright new reputations are making too many good offers. Rival recruiters score points by warning boys that Notre Dame's strait-laced supervision eliminates a carefree campus life; e.g., freshmen have a 10 p.m. curfew. After one mauling of Notre Dame this year, a Chicago priest cracked to a Prot-

estant friend: "I didn't mind so much that the lad was kicking those extra points against Notre Dame, but I did mind his crossing himself before each one."

Brain v. Brawn. More important, Notre Dame's president, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, is determinedly hauling up the school's academic standards, sees no reason to grant exceptions to football players. "There are dozens of good football players who want to come to Notre Dame that we can't even consider," says Kuharich. "There's a 235-pound fullback who's fast and has our mouths watering. But there's no point in even trying for him because we know he'd never get in."

"The price of progress is trouble," Joe Kuharich says stoically. "I've been in situations like this before." No one doubts Kuharich's ability. "I've been blessed with genius, or maybe luck, twice in my life,"

himself claims to be optimistic about the future: "This is just the shell of the team we're going to have. There will always be a segment of qualified students who are good football players." Kuharich will need every one. Notre Dame next year will play Oklahoma, Syracuse, Duke, Iowa, Michigan State and Navy.

Caught between a tough schedule and tough academic standards, Kuharich may be able to produce an occasional good season, but the golden days of Notre Dame are likely to be gone forever. One thing is certain: Kuharich, who can return to the pros at any time, will never be content merely to lose honorably at Notre Dame. Says he: "I will not coach a team unless it has the potential to be great."

Scoreboard

¶ Before college football's game of the week, Coach Murray Warmath of second-ranked Minnesota was banking on his massive but agile line to force the flashy



MINNESOTA QUARTERBACK JOE SALEM GAINS AGAINST IOWA
Sure as taxes, steady as a steamroller.

Associated Press

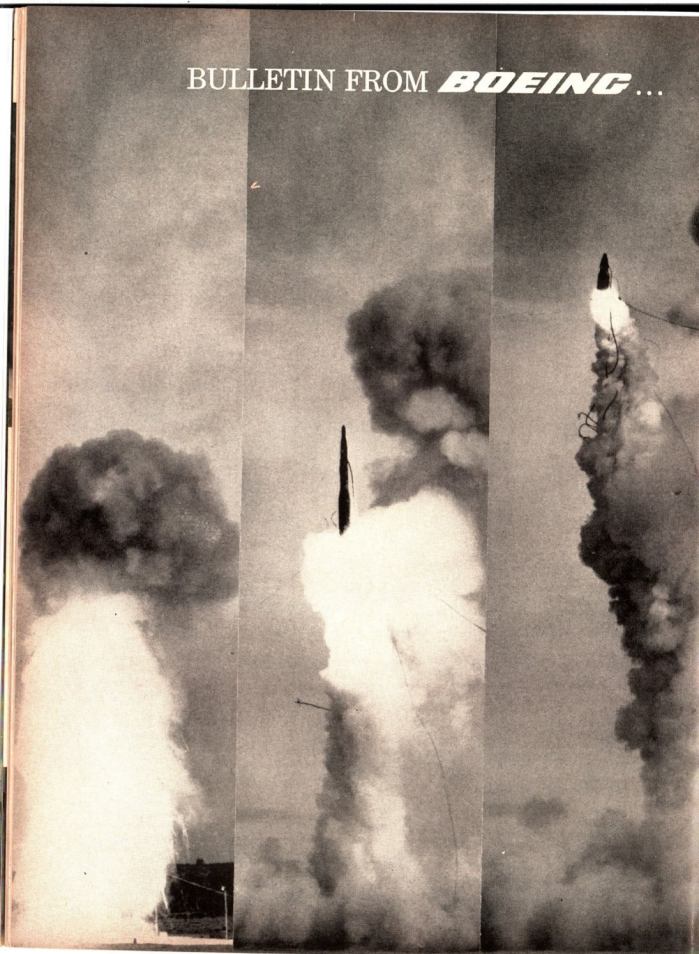
Redskin Owner George Marshall has said. "Once when Sammy Baugh came to play, and once when Joe Kuharich came to coach." In 1958 Purdue Coach Jack Molenkopf holed up with Kuharich for four days to learn his system, this year proved he remembered his lessons by licking Notre Dame 51-19. Kuharich almost never stops thinking about football. These days he even has a movie projector in his bedroom so that he can prop himself up on a pillow and study game films far into the night: "It's amazing what you miss in the first ten showings."

To date, Notre Dame has returned Kuharich's loyalty. Not only are the alumni quiet, but Father Hesburgh is sticking to his promise that "Kuharich is not to be measured by any nostalgic calculus of wins, losses and national championships, but only by the excellence of his coaching and the spirit of his teams." Kuharich

backfield stars of Iowa, first-ranked in the nation, into making costly errors. Said Warmath: "If they make more mistakes than we do, they'll lose. That's as sure as taxes." The plan worked perfectly. Warmath's undefeated team turned two Iowa fumbles and a bobbled punt into touchdowns, steamrolled to a 27-10 victory that capped its startling comeback from last year's 2-7 record and recalled the Saturdays before World War II when Minnesota's power football ruled the Big Ten.

¶ In other key games, alert Army defeated fading Syracuse, 9-6. Spotting Navy ten points, Duke rallied in the second half to spoil the undefeated record of the midshipmen 10-10. In the Big Eight, Iowa State continued the revolt against longtime champion Oklahoma (TIME, Nov. 7) by winning 10-6 for its first victory over the Sooners since 1931.

BULLETIN FROM ***BOEING***...

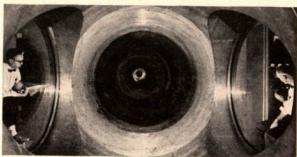


...WHERE CAPABILITY HAS MANY FACES

Minuteman, the nation's first solid-fuel ICBM, blasts from underground silo, left, in tethered firing test. Successful Minuteman firings cut test program, saving millions of defense dollars. Boeing is weapon-system integrator of the 6000-mile-range Minuteman missile, now under development.



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BOEING

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MUSIC

Hoedown on a Harpsichord

Behind frosted glass doors in a ramshackle former Masonic lodge building in Nashville, Tenn., sit the song peddlers. Their product, proclaimed in gilt letters on the door, is variously billed as "Wonder Music" or "Surefire Music" or "Tenn-Text Music," but in the industry it is known simply as C. & W.—Country and Western. Last week, to the planeboards of disk jockeys descending on Nashville for the ninth annual National Country Music Festival, C. & W. seemed surefire indeed. Its demise has often seemed near, but it is now going stronger than ever, and Nashville has even nosed out Hollywood as the nation's second biggest (after New York) record-producing center.

Nashville Sound. One out of every five popular hits of the past year was written and recorded in Nashville, e.g., *He'll Have to Go*, *Stuck On You*, *Cathy's Clown*, *Please Help Me, I'm Falling*. The last, say the experts, is the "countryest" of all, a distinction that suggests the difficulty these days of distinguishing a true "country" song from a straight pop number. The basic C. & W. ingredients have always been a tune with folkish overtones, lyrics of Pleistocene simplicity, and a theme preferably proclaiming undying devotion to a faithless loved one. But country music is now wearing city clothes: the traditional fiddle and guitar accompaniment is being replaced by saxophone, drums, violins and even harpsichords. Many a country record is arranged for trio, quartet or even small chorus.

A hoedown on a harpsichord may appeal to pop fans, but it pains oldtime C. & W. lovers: Nashville's famed Grand

Ole Opry radio show still frowns on the use of any instrument other than a fiddle or guitar on its stage. The unsentimental recordmakers, on the other hand, argue that whatever the instrumentation, the essence of C. & W. has been retained in what they like to call the "Nashville Sound." As nearly as anybody can define it, the Sound is the byproduct of musical illiteracy. "In New York and Los Angeles," says Columbia Records' Don Law, "they let their sound become stereotyped. They write down their arrangements and even read and play the notes." Nashville enjoys the advantage of having a supply of singer-composers on the spot, most of whom dream up new numbers by idly plucking a guitar until they stumble onto a tune. Armed with this "head arrangement," they then cut a "demo" (for demonstration) record to peddle to the A. & R. (for Artists and Repertory) men.

First Citizen. Nashville's \$35 million trade in country music is supported by a bureaucracy as complex as a vertical trust. There are more than 100 music publishers in the city, more than 300 songwriters, more than 1,000 instrumentalists. The town swarms with so many agents that, remarks a singer, "they just about have to wear badges to keep from booking each other." The kingmakers of Nashville are the big A. & R. men—Columbia's Law, RCA's Chet Atkins, Decca's Owen Bradley—but the first citizen these days is Jim Reeves, 35, an ex-baseball player (Houston Buffalos). Singer Reeves has written about 100 songs and recorded more than 200, a surprising number of which—including *Mexican Joe*, *Bimbo* and *He'll Have to Go*—have been hits. The trick in writing songs, says Reeves, is to "try to use original rhymes and words that have not been beaten to death in other songs." Sample from Reeves's favorite creation, *Am I Losing You?*:

*Will the sweet things you do
Be for somebody new?
Tell me what to do—
Am I losing you?*

The Singing Expatriates

To some theatergoers, the most memorable moment in the 1951 Broadway hit *Two on the Aisle* came when Bert Lahr opened his cavernous mouth on the song: *There Never Was a Baby Like My Baby*. The voice was rich, resonant, and utterly unlike Lahr. It issued not from the Lahr-yx but from the throat of a burly (5 ft. 10 in., 265 lbs.) offstage singer named James Eugene McCracken. Since then, Indiana-born Jim McCracken, 33, has firmly moved from the wings to stage center. At the Zurich Opera last week, in the title role of Verdi's *Otello*, he was greeted by critics and a foot-stamping audience as the most exciting new operatic tenor to appear in Europe in years. Says Zurich Opera Director Herbert Graf (until last year a stage director at the Metropolitan Opera): "He is the best Otello



W. E. Baur
TENOR McCracken as OTELLO
Awaiting a transatlantic echo.

in the world today." Agreed the critic of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*: "We have not had a tenor of his quality here in two decades."

McCracken's voice combines declamatory power with a remarkably even singing line that recalls the late great Czech tenor, Leo Slezak. Potentially, he seems a fine Wagnerian singer, but McCracken has scored his greatest, if slow-coming, successes so far in *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *Otello*. The son of the Gary, Ind. fire chief, McCracken sang in high school operettas, graduated to the male chorus of Manhattan's Roxy Theater. Later he won small parts on Broadway (*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *Of Thee I Sing*). He began appearing in summer opera, was singing the male lead in a concert version of *Samson et Dalila* when he fell in love with Sandra Warfield, a tall, blonde mezzo singing opposite him. McCracken and Sandra, who later became his wife, were both signed by the Met in 1953, and Jim made his debut in *Bohème* with a one-sentence declamation, mostly on high G: "Here are the toys of Pargnol."

During the next four seasons, he recalls, "I was all the messengers and all the friends of the leading tenor." When McCracken asked General Manager Rudolf Bing for a raise and was turned down, he decided to head for Europe. There, too, his career moved slowly until he auditioned for Herbert von Karajan in 1959, before long had star contracts at both the Vienna and Zurich operas. Now commanding top fees, Expatriate McCracken looks forward to only one more offer: the cable from Rudolf Bing inviting him back to the Met.

McCracken is only one of a whole expeditionary force of American singers trying to carve careers for themselves in the



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European opera houses, hoping to reenact the Continental success stories of George London, Leontyne Price, Gloria Davy, *et al.* Although a great many of the new U.S. expatriates would prefer to sing at home, there is no room for them in the three major repertory opera theaters (the Metropolitan, Chicago and San Francisco operas), West Germany, Austria and German-speaking Switzerland, on the other hand, have about 60 thoroughly professional opera companies, most of them small houses that the musical tourist rarely hears of: Flensburg, Krefeld, Oldenburg, Hof, Saarbrücken, Augsburg, Kassel, Koblenz, Oberhausen, Bielefeld. There are some 150 U.S. singers in German-speaking houses today, constituting about 20% of the soloists. California-born Soprano Mary Gray, 29, recalls a *Traviata* in Karlsruhe last season: "The three leads came out for the curtain calls, and I looked around and thought, 'My gosh, we're all Americans!'"

Many a U.S. singer is willing to take less than a living wage (\$96 a month) in order to get a steady twelve-month contract and plenty of experience. The low pay is partially compensated for by the fact that, after 15 years, all singers in the government-run houses receive handsome pensions that they can draw on anywhere in the world.

Although most of America's expatriate singers are unknown at home, many of them have built up sizable European reputations. New York-born **Claire Watson**, 33, was one of the hits of last summer's Munich Festival, where she appeared as the Marschallin in *Rosenkavalier* and Fiordiligi in *Così Fan Tutte*. Brooklyn's **Evelyn Lear**, 31, of West Berlin's State Opera created a sensation at the Vienna Festival in Alban Berg's *Lulu*. Her Texas-born husband, Baritone **Thomas Stewart**, 31, was a surprise success as Amfortas in last summer's *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. Florida-born Negro Soprano **Maroyne Betsch**, 25, won rave reviews for her Salome with the Braunschweig Opera. In Bern, Tennessee-born **Chloë Owen** made outstanding debuts in *Lohengrin* and *Mathis der Maler*. Minnesota-born Bass-Baritone **Keith Engen**, 35, one of the stars of the Munich Opera, is so idolized in Germany that he obligingly changed the spelling of his first name to "Kieth" to make it easier for audiences.

But the boom for U.S. singers in Europe may not continue much longer. Although German managers are eager to get Americans, who generally have had a broader musical education than young European singers, the German Theater Union is bitterly opposed to imported talent. Germany should not be a training ground, the union argues, for foreign singers. Moreover, most of the provincial houses already have as many Americans on their rosters as they can handle, and the hundreds of hopefuls who flock across the Atlantic each year are finding jobs increasingly scarce. The U.S., one critic pointed out last week, will either have to produce fewer vocalists or more native opera houses.



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Pillow Talk

Ever since U.S. hospital authorities learned, to their horror, that dangerous, penicillin-resistant strains of *Staphylococcus* bacteria were floating merrily in supposedly sterile hospital corridors, no nook or cranny has escaped attention from sanitation experts. Faulty air-conditioning systems, surgical masks, dirty mopheads and bedside water carafes have been implicated as germ carriers. In a speech to last week's American Public Health Association conference in San Francisco, Dr. Howard E. Lind of Brookline, Mass., proposed another target for bug hunters: the pillows on patients' beds.

At Brookline's Brooks Hospital, Dr. Lind examined feathers in pillow stuffings that had been "sanitized" (washed, heat-treated and chemically disinfected) to Government standards. He found huge amounts of residual bacteria: up to 13 million organisms per gram. Most are probably harmless to humans, but at least three diseases—including psittacosis, or "parrot fever"—can be transmitted to humans from fowl; all three can be spread by feathers from infected birds.

Dr. Lind found more than germs inside old hospital pillows. Items that turned up amid the feathers: stones, corn, glass, metal strips, nails, a broken thermometer, false teeth, wax crayons, a pencil, a chocolate bar, a chicken neck, hen manure, a dead sparrow, a rat skull and a whole mouse. Even if feathers prove to be poor disease carriers, concluded Lind dryly, "we should consider that the renovation of old feather pillows is of importance from the standpoint of general good housekeeping and psychological effect."

Spines of Steel

Some ailments seem almost preferable to their cures. A case in point is scoliosis, an abnormal curvature of the spine that occurs in childhood. As seen from behind, the spine should appear straight; in scoliosis it has a C-shaped or S-shaped curve. Extreme cases of scoliosis often require fusion of the spinal vertebrae. For most cases the standard treatment is forcible straightening of the spine, with the patient encased for four to six months in a massive, immobilizing plaster cast. To some parents of scoliosis victims, this treatment seems so punishing that they cannot be persuaded to permit it even to save their children from permanent deformity.

Last week Houston Surgeon Paul Harrington was winning converts to a new and happier method. Capable of correcting spinal curvature in people up to the age of 40, Dr. Harrington's technique frees patients from the confines of a cast, permits them to lead normal lives during treatment. Key to Harrington's method is a slender, stainless-steel rod that resembles a soda straw and serves somewhat like a splint. In a complicated, two-hour operation, the curved spine is straightened, then bound into place with one to three



DR. LIND

Nokay to false teeth in the feathers.

rods, which are fastened to the spine with metal hooks.

The rods are readily accepted by the body, says Dr. Harrington, and need never be removed. Affixed to the spine just beneath the back muscles, they cause no pain, do not restrict physical activity. After ten days in the hospital and a six-week convalescent period, says Surgeon Harrington, youngsters equipped with rods can run, swim, play tennis. The only restriction: no contact sports such as football.



Owen Johnson

SURGEON HARRINGTON

Okay if you don't play football.

Most Wanted Virus

Few diseases are more mysterious than viral hepatitis—a liver inflammation for which there is no known cure, caused by at least two elusive viruses that no scientist has ever seen. Operating under a dozen aliases (e.g., bilious attack, acute yellow atrophy), hepatitis has occasionally been confused with such unrelated ailments as malaria and mononucleosis was once believed to be a penalty for excessive drinking. During World War II hepatitis was epidemic in the armed forces of the major combatants as well as in many civilian populations, and more than 170,000 cases were reported in the U.S. Army alone. Because of the difficulties of diagnosis, and because the Public Health Service kept no statistics on the disease until 1952, peacetime outbreaks were thought to be relatively few and largely limited to overcrowded orphanages, mental hospitals and prisons.

But by last week, as the PHS recorded 944 new cases across the nation, hepatitis had become the third most common reportable disease in the U.S.—behind measles and strep-scarlet fever—and a full-blown menace to health.

Four for One. The latest PHS figures, which cover the third week in October, bring to 31,259 the number of hepatitis cases reported in the U.S. so far this year, and the year-end total is expected to fall shy only of 1954's record 50,993. Reported cases are believed to be only a fraction of the actual total; Kentucky Epidemiologist J. Clifford Todd estimates that there have been four victims in his state—with 1,628 cases, the nation's hardest hit—for every one reported. In Colorado's heavily Mexican-American counties along the Arkansas River, the hepatitis rate is so high that the state's 1960 toll (903 cases) already is the worst in its history. Oregon has reported 950 cases.

Physicians make a sharp distinction between infectious hepatitis, usually spread by fecal matter, and the relatively rare serum hepatitis, or "needle jaundice," which is carried only by the blood, is therefore contracted from transfusions or improperly sterilized hypodermic needles. Infectious hepatitis can be spread in a number of ways. A disastrous epidemic struck Delhi, India early in 1956, when a huge sewage canal overflowed into the Jumna River, from which both Old and New Delhi draw water. Within eight weeks, 30,000 cases and 420 deaths were recorded. Sewage-contaminated water has been blamed for small outbreaks this year in Nicholas County, W. Va. and Hawkins County, Tenn. But the PHS says that most infectious hepatitis is transmitted by person-to-person contact, e.g., by small children who forget to wash their hands after they go to the toilet.

The infectious variety takes two to six weeks to develop. Common symptoms: jaundice, headache, fever (up to 104°), nausea, loss of appetite, diarrhea, enlarged liver, mental depression. Unlike any other contagious disease, hepatitis is harder on women than men. Only about three in



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every 1,000 hepatitis victims die from the disease, but even mild attacks are thought to precipitate progressive liver disease and cirrhosis. Many patients recover after seven or eight weeks, but others are still sick at the end of a year or more, and relapses are fairly common. Some patients become unwitting carriers of the serum type, retaining the virus in their system for years. For this reason, no person on record as having had hepatitis is permitted to donate blood for transfusions.

"Wash Your Hands." Infectious hepatitis may be forestalled if gamma globulin is given while the disease is incubating, but gamma globulin shots are painful, costly and scarce. The PHS's protective advice: "Wash your hands." Antibiotics have no effect, and once the disease takes root, doctors can do nothing but put their patients to bed, forbid alcohol, treat their symptoms and feed them a nutritious, vitamin-rich diet. In severe cases, ACTH and cortisone-like drugs may help to prevent coma and clear up jaundice.

Researchers at one drug company, Parke, Davis, recently claimed to have isolated the hepatitis virus, but the claim was hotly disputed and never proved. All other attempts have failed. The virus is relatively insensitive to heat, cold, chemicals and ultraviolet rays. No vaccine can be prepared because the disease perversely refuses to infect any animal but man. The hepatitis bug's small size and its frequent presence in fecal matter indicate that it may actually be an enterovirus—one of a group of particularly tiny viruses (including polio) that are found in the human intestinal tract. Says the PHS's Dr. Leon Rosen: "Isolating the hepatitis virus is the No. 1 unsolved problem of contemporary virology."

A Little Learning

About half of U.S. college students believe that whisky will "kill" a fever, and one-third think that an expectant mother can cultivate musical talent in her unborn child by listening to symphonies. One student in three believes that chiropractors are just as competent as physicians, and a smaller group thinks that fish is a "brain food." So says New York University's Dr. H. Frederick Kilander, author of the standard Kilander Health Knowledge Tests, who has been charting the progress of general health education in the U.S. since 1936.

Last week, Dr. Kilander told the American Public Health Association that today's collegian still tends to cling to an assortment of medical superstitions and misconceptions, and that the public at large is even worse informed. Samples:

- ❑ "About a third of the public thinks water contains calories and is fattening."
- ❑ "About one in five believes that a newborn child's disfigurement may be caused by the mother's fright during pregnancy."
- ❑ "Nearly half those tested believe that communicable diseases can be biologically inherited."
- ❑ "About half the public still thinks that raw meat such as beefsteak will reduce a swelling or 'black eye' due to a bruise."



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"The Christian Summit"

Nothing like it had happened since Martin Luther called the Roman Catholic Church "the Devil's nest" and a "den of thieves." The Most Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of the Church of England, announced last week that on his way home from a tour of the Middle East he intends to stop off in Rome and pay a courtesy call on Pope John XXIII.

The news generated a small whirlwind of sanguine speculation—especially in Italy, where it broke on All Saints' Day, when the Vatican's offices and its newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, were closed. Rome's *Giornale d'Italia* hailed the meeting as "the Christian summit"; *Il Messaggero* called it a "sign of Christian reconciliation on the plane of common spiritual defense." The Vatican quickly slapped down such exuberance; *L'Osservatore Romano* brushed off the news with a small box.

Nice to Call. In Britain the reaction was mixed. "Be glad," trumpeted the tabloid *Daily Sketch*, while the Church of England newspaper warned against "blurring" of the "precise dogmatic cleavage" between the two churches. The Rev. Howard Stanley, secretary of the Congregational Union, said that Congregationalists would wish the Archbishop well; but the moderator of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. John Burleigh, sniffed that it was "nice of the Archbishop to call on the Pope, but I hope only pleasantries will be exchanged."

Actually, the proposed visit is more than a mere courtesy call and less than a first step in *rapprochement*. Last August the ecumenical-minded Pope permitted a Catholic observer to attend the meeting of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in St. Andrews, Scotland, and it is said to have been through him, Dutch, round-faced Msgr. J.G.M. Willebrands, that the meeting between the Pope and the Archbishop was arranged. Last month Roman Catholic Archbishop John C. Heenan of Liverpool, a member of the forthcoming Ecumenical Council's Secretariat for Christian Unity, reported that Pope John had recently expressed "great affection for the Anglicans." And Dr. Fisher, in the Canterbury diocesan leaflet, praised the new secretary as "full of godly promise."

Significant Trivia. Dr. Fisher will arrive in Rome about Dec. 1, after a ten-day trip that will include visits to Greek Orthodox Patriarch Benediktos in Jerusalem and Greek Orthodox Patriarch Athenagoras in Istanbul. The Archbishop of Canterbury plans to stay at Rome's stately Villa della Camilluccia, residence of Britain's Minister to the Holy See. To avoid any awkward moments, the Pope is expected to receive the Archbishop standing, instead of with the customary seated extension of his ring to be kissed. Except for an interpreter, the two bishops will be alone. What they talk



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
He saw a manifest desire.

about may be trivialities. Dr. Fisher admitted last week, but, he added, "Talking trivialities is in itself a portent of great significance. The pleasantries may be pleasantries about profundities."

The Death Industry

"It is the task of those in the funeral profession," according to a manual for undertakers titled *Psychology of Funeral Service*, "to educate the public in the right paths." In the dozen years since Novelist Evelyn Waugh wrote *The Loved One*, his famed satire on "the funeral profession," the public has been so thoroughly educated that today the undertakers' take-over from clergymen seems almost complete—and more profitable than ever. So reports the Roman Catholic magazine *Jubilee* in an article showing that anywhere in the U.S., a family can dispose of its dead in an atmosphere of cheery and costly flim-flam, designed to slur over the solemn fact that once brought man into the presence of his God.

Basis of the modern funeral industry is elaborate embalming, featuring "that alive look." This, says *Jubilee*, "has enabled corpses to look more and more like window-display mannequins, and visitation with them has become quite popular." According to one big-city undertaker, "people generally come in the afternoon and go out for dinner and come back."

Nature's Own Way. To support this party atmosphere for death, reports *Jubilee*, an up-to-date funeral home must have not only a casket display room and "a closet full of slumber gowns" but also a family room and a lounge equipped with cocktail table and smoking facilities.

There is keen competition among embalming supply houses to help make the dead look healthier than their mourners.

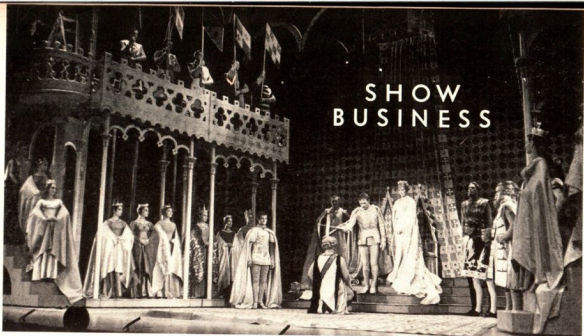
The Frigid Fluid Co. of Chicago advertises: "NEW! NEW! NEW! Lanol-Tex Arterial Fluid . . . Nature's Own Way to Soft Skin Texture," which "restores the same condition to the skin as during life." Boasts the Gold Crest Chemical Corp. of Wilmington, Del.: "Everybody is talking about Rubin-X Jaundice Dual Injection Fluids," which give "a gentle and fast-bleaching action with no spotting." If not satisfactory, "you may return to us for full credit after embalming your first case."

Funeral directors, according to *Jubilee*, are increasingly substituting for clergymen, "choosing the music (preferably not hymns—too depressing) and thermostatically regulating the level of grief ('empathy is more professional than sympathy'). Sometimes, in their role as priest-substitutes, the more far-out directors run into trouble with the real thing. One we met said, 'Sometimes you run into off-beat ideas from some of these ministers who think that the soul leaves the body and the body is just like a rind that can be thrown away after death.' His reaction to this brush with neo-Platonism was to assert that clergymen like that 'just want to kill sentiment, an interesting possibility.'"

Clerical criticism of the undertaking business is growing. Sociologist Robert L. Fulton, writing in *The American Funeral Director*, attributes some of this to the clergy's loss of income from funerals and to what he calls their general loss of status in the community. The undertakers' magazine, *Casket and Sunnyside* (there used to be a *Shady-side*, but it was abandoned as too downbeat), concedes that the minister "has every right to be consulted on the time of the funeral, and that he might have some say about other details, but that the price of the service is not his prerogative and he should not go into the [casket] selection room."

Champagne Finish. Even without going into the selection room, *Jubilee* reports, 51% of Protestant clergymen and 41% of their Roman Catholic brethren feel, according to a recent poll, that undertakers exploit bereaved families at least part of the time. The grief-stricken, notes *Psychology of Funeral Service*, "are less capable of reasoning than under normal conditions . . . They want to do the accepted thing . . ." And some people's idea of the accepted thing can run as high as a \$19,000 casket with "Ever-Seal air, watertight construction, and Ever-Rite adjustable bed, all in a zesty champagne finish, but a semi-tailored interior of gold tone, savory crepe."

It is legal in the U.S. to bury the dead, unembalmed, in a plain pine box (though a licensed funeral director must be present), but according to the Department of Commerce an estimated \$1.5 billion was spent on burials in the U.S. in 1959, or about \$97.83 per death. Writes *Jubilee*: "Our ancestors lived with death and feared it; we have funeral directors instead, and neither know death nor theoretically fear it. It seems, as Scott Fitzgerald might have said, to be something you do with money."



SHOW BUSINESS

INVESTITURE AT CAMELOT: ARTHUR & GUINEVERE ON THRONE, LANCELOT STANDING LEFT
A not-so-fleeting wisp of glory.

Friedman-Abeles

THE ROAD Two Parfit Broadway Knyghts (See Cover)

*Hic jacet Arthurus Rex—quondam Rex
que futurus.*

So read the inscription on King Arthur's tombstone, according to Sir Thomas Malory. The King would, at some indeterminate date, return to life and reign again; meanwhile, *Here lies King Arthur—the once and future King*. It is doubtful that Malory or even Merlin himself could possibly have guessed just where Arthur would make his comeback: that he would appear on Dec. 3, 1960 on the stage of Broadway's Majestic Theater.

He is bringing something more than a Round Table with him. In the royal train are eight baggage cars full of scenery, more than 200 people, including 46 stagehands, 41 musicians and 56 actors. Above all, he comes with a pair of gifted squires, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, now the best writer-composer team in the American musical theater. Lerner, the librettist, and Loewe, the composer, have already proved themselves worthy of the King. Their last try was *My Fair Lady*. They also did *Brigadoon*, *Paint Your Wagon*, and the much-Oscared film *Gigi*. They have now written—and are still rewriting on the road—*Camelot*, probably the biggest, most beautifully set, and most complex musical play yet attempted—a spectacular effort to compress into one lyrical evening the essence of Arthurian legend.

Tryout Shades. On precarious Broadway, where months of work can end in one morning's disastrous reviews, some shows are too big to be destroyed by the critics—and *Camelot* is bound to be one. Last year Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The Sound of Music* had so much pre-Broadway momentum (a then unprecedented advance sale of about \$2,000,000) that it

crashed through a barricade of unenthusiastic reviews, and will probably run for another two years. *Camelot*, with more than \$3,000,000 worth of tickets already sold, may find reviews ranging from rave to grave, but in any event, the show will go on, and on.

By no coincidence, there is a *My Fair Lady*-like tone to *Camelot*'s credits. Not only did Lerner and Loewe create the play, but *Fair Lady*'s Director Moss Hart signed on again, along with Julie Andrews as Guinevere, Choreographer Hanya Holm, Set Designer Oliver Smith, Conductor Franz Allers. Beyond that, Lerner's libretto is drawn from one of the best novels of the 19th and 20th centuries, T. H. White's *The Once and Future King*. And Arthur himself is arriving in the shape and voice of Wales's and the Old Vic's Richard Burton, who at 34 is numbered among the half-dozen great actors in the English-speaking world.

Moving the multicolored pavilions of *Camelot* toward Broadway, Lerner and Loewe last week were in Boston, bumping into the great shades of past tryout seasons, from *Babes in Arms* to *South Pacific*. (Richard Rodgers once swore he would never open so much as a can of sardines without going to Boston first.) A uniquely American practice, the road tryout is as formalized as the *judicium Dei*—the ordeal of the Middle Ages. The road ordeal is by rewriting and cutting, by sleepless nights and interminable waiting, by cold coffee and warm highball, by panicky rumor and wild hope. Severely tested along with everyone else is the audience, which has to sit through long scenes already marked for destruction. As a production is laboriously dragged from town to town (before *Camelot* reaches New York, its railway fares and freight charges alone will reach \$35,000), a playwright sometimes tosses everything but his last will and testament into the first draft to

see what will go. A merchandising mentality ("Give them what they want") can sacrifice a song, a scene or a whole play to the whim of a weary tryout audience. But in experienced, honest hands, the road ordeal can also lead to the kind of relentless self-criticism in which Lerner, Loewe & Co. were caught up last week.

Unreal City. Boston, in the view of its Broadway visitors, is a city as unreal as Morgan le Fay's forest, consisting of just a few buildings and a couple of dozen cabs. As *Camelot* principals were shuttling back and forth between the gilt Shubert Theater and the plush Ritz-Carlton Hotel, everyone was rewriting *Camelot*. Bit players were suggesting changes to chorus girls. Even floor waiters appeared to have a new second act under their silver dish covers—recalling Moss Hart's adage that when a show is in trouble, room service invariably seems awful.

Still on everyone's mind was the trouble that had very nearly turned *Camelot* from a musical into a medical. In Toronto, where the show opened six weeks ago, Lerner led off with a bleeding ulcer, was in hospital for ten days. Director Moss Hart followed with a coronary thrombosis (his second), went off to the same hospital, same room, and indefinitely out of *Camelot*.

No one had forgotten that Costume Designer Adrian had died soon after beginning work on the show last year. A wardrobe mistress's husband was found dead in their New York apartment. The chief electrician was hospitalized with bladder trouble. Actor Burton took on a virus that almost choked off his singing voice, and the traditional "company cold" spread to Sir Lancelot (Robert Goulet), was even worse in Boston than Toronto. A chorus girl ran a needle through her foot onstage. Frederick Loewe, who himself suffered a severe heart attack two years ago, was temporarily felled by in-

fluenza. "We are all quitting," said one stage manager. "We will be replaced tomorrow by hospital orderlies."

Sir Aggravate & Friend. With Author Lerner, ulcer and all, doubling for sorely missed Director Hart—but too busy rewriting to spend much time in the theater—*Camelot* moved forward of its own weight, only slightly trimmed from its original 3 hr. 40 min., while the mood of the cast settled into general uncertainty. Knights were complaining that their chain mail was wearing out—and tempers were wearing out too. When a dancer tripped over a piece of scenery last week, Set Designer Smith was heard to snap: "I hope you broke your leg." Novice squires were learning from cynical old-timers that this was the time to pursue chorus girls, since they were away from home, lonesome and worried. One reason spirits did not fall farther was that some were being consumed by the imperial quart, backstage and elsewhere, before, during and after each performance. More than one knight of the Round Table was caught breaking his vows. In semi-idleness, it hardly seemed like the idyllic kingdom of Camelot.

Amid the confusion walked the two men who had started it, and who must end it in the next three weeks. Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, said Julie Andrews, "are the loneliest men in town." Acting as their own producers, with \$3,000,000 of other people's money and their own reputations to safeguard, they have to worry about everything from the color of Julie Andrews' hair (too light) to King Pellinore's visor (will not fall shut on cue) to the inner mists of the Arthurian theme.

Shut away in the Ritz-Carlton, Lerner fills Apartment 1004 with cigarette smoke and new lines for *Camelot*. Across the hall in another suite, his two-year-old son Michael listens to a phonograph—not Lerner and Loewe, but *Au Clair de la Lune*. Up in 1204, Loewe ("Sir Aggra-



DIRECTOR HART (FAR LEFT), LERNER & GOULET AT COSTUME FITTING
The musical almost became a medical.

Milton H. Greene

vate," as Lerner nicknames him) broods under the fond eye of his current, 24-year-old girl friend; he calls her "baby boy," she calls him "baby bear." For hours each day, Lerner joins Loewe at the piano as they work together on four new songs, including one called *The Seven Deadly Virtues*, plus the problems of telescoping four Act I scenes into two, straightening out Act II, deepening Mordred's villainy—all of which requires new lines, new musical bridges, and scenes long enough to allow complicated scene shifts. When he is not pounding the piano, Loewe fingers a piece of jade—it once belonged to an Oriental potentate who said his beloved had always kept it as close as possible to her—which serves Fritz as a sort of mineral Milton.

And so the ordeal goes on. The outcome depends entirely on the strength and experience of two partners as dissimilar as Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.

The Two Knights. Frederick ("Fritz") Loewe is Viennese, emotional, a flamboyant gambler who thinks the second biggest thrill on earth is to drop \$30,000 in a single night at the casino tables, then tell about it for weeks. Alan Jay Lerner is cool, self-controlled and self-censored, a planner who will not even put money in his own shows because, as he firmly explains, "I don't bet." Loewe likes to recall that he "starved" for 20 years; Lerner has always been wealthy. Short, lean, with the sallow skin of the heart patient, Loewe is 39 and looks it; about the same height (5 ft. 6½ in.), with small bones and an unweathered complexion, Lerner is 42 and could pass for a graduate student. Both men are intensely ambitious for the critical success of their work, but Lerner clothes his self-esteem in mannered diffidence while Loewe shrugs: "I'm too old to be modest. I'm a genius and I know it."

Lerner is a fastidious dresser whose clothes are always neat and perfectly cut, with a rococo touch here and there. Loewe is a bit rumpled, his predilections turning more to wine, women, and—when the

need arises—song. Lerner smokes, and has a habit of twirling the ignited cigarette in his fingers like the active end of a turboprop. Loewe has given up smoking, but—when the jade palls—he constantly keeps an unlit cigarette in his hand, gradually flattening and shredding it as he talks. He pinches away a pack a day, recently changed brands.

Psychologists might note that neither had any fondness for his mother, and that both have wildly unstable relationships with women. But Loewe is mockingly uninterested in psychoanalysis, while Lerner believes in it strongly, has had a pride of analysts. Loewe professes not to worry about his health, while Lerner is a bit of a hypochondriac, makes a fetish of weighing himself daily; he buys a new scale wherever he goes, probably owns the largest collection this side of the Office of Weights and Measures. Loewe has hated the telephone ever since he answered it once when he was six, was told



CHOREOGRAPHER HOLM & BURTON
An ordeal by hope.

Sy Friedman



JULIE ANDREWS ON STAGE
The *Fair Lady*like tone continued.

Sy Friedman

that his favorite uncle had committed suicide. "Bad news I don't want to hear on the phone," he says, "and good news I don't need any more." Lerner, on the other hand, loves and needs the horn; according to his partner, the first thing he does in the morning is to reach yawningly for the phone and pick it up. "Half the time, he doesn't even know who he's going to call."

Both men seem to have yearnings for aristocracy. Loewe murmurs now and again that his mother was a baroness, and Lerner is proud that his present wife is an indirect descendant of Napoleon. Lerner would be unlikely to cross a street unless the trip made reasonable sense, but Loewe once flew with a friend from Los Angeles to Vienna just to taste again those wonderful little *Wiener Würsteln*,

kas and waltzes, as he listened to an aunt in Vienna play on the family's baby grand. At five he wrote his first tune, and at nine he contributed melodies to a show of his father's. He also spent so much vagabond time in backstage dressing rooms that his parents decided to put him in a Berlin military school. He still resentfully recalls the wrought-iron gates closing on his smiling, light-footed mother, a blown kiss and her casual "Good-bye, my love, be happy." Later he studied piano at Stern's Conservatory in Berlin, preparing for a concert career. But at 15 he tossed off the first hint of Broadway—a popular song called *Kathrin* ("the girl with the best legs in Berlin") that sold about 2,000,000 copies of sheet music.

Ageing into his late teens, Fritz burned out his evening hours moving from party

admired his compact little build, put him in the ring, and he won eight bouts before the ninth opponent—according to Fritz, it was Tony Canzoneri, later featherweight champion of the world—knocked him out after three seconds of the first round. He taught riding at a resort in New Hampshire, worked as a mail rider packing the post into a gold mine near Cooke City, Mont. He played tinkly-tonk piano in little bins in Greenwich Village. Third Avenue bars, beer halls in Manhattan's German quarter. He took three weeks to learn the organ, played at Keith's Albee in Brooklyn. He also played the piano on a cruise ship that commuted between Miami and Havana. "I was a bad sailor," he says, "and had to throw up after every chorus."

The Meeting. During the Depression, Fritz recalls, he was so broke that he could not pay \$12 due on his rented piano. When three moving men appeared at his furnished room to take the piano away, Fritz sat down to play for the last time—Herbert, then Liszt, Beethoven. "Finally I was covered with sweat and I looked around. It was dark out. The three men were sitting on the floor. One called the others aside, and they talked for a few minutes. Then each man took out \$2 and gave it to me. This could only happen in America."

About then, Fritz swore off wild oats. In 1931 married Ernestine Zwerle, later a John Fredericks millinery model, daughter of a Viennese architect. He also teamed up with Lyricist Earle Crooker, wrote *Salute to Spring* (1937), which did moderately well in St. Louis but never moved East, and *Great Lady* (1938), which opened—as will *Camelot*—in Broadway's Majestic Theater, and closed after 17 performances. For four years, Fritz wrote almost nothing but sketches and songs for the Lambs Club *Gambols*, the intramural games of Broadway. Then a friend in Detroit asked him to do a show for a new theater there. With awe, Fritz Loewe, who has enormous respect for the power of coincidence, recalls how at the Lambs one day he took an unaccustomed route to the men's room: "I always went through the main hall, but just that time, for no reason, I turned left in the grill room." On his way he passed the table of a thin young man who, he knew, had written some good sketches for the *Gambols*. "You write good lyrics," said Loewe. "Would you like to do a musical with me?" "Yes," replied Alan Jay Lerner, "I happen to have two weeks off."

Radio Row & Park. Lerner could have had, say, two years off if he had wished. He was as rich as Loewe was poor. But he was working as a radio scriptwriter on "a schedule so tight," he remembers, "that it would only work if I didn't sleep on Monday nights." He wrote daily sketches for Celeste Holm and Alfred Drake, material for Victor Borge and Hildegarde, turned out great hunks of audiopapeantry for *Philco Hall of Fame* and *Cavalcade of America*, all the while keeping dark the personal secret that he was an heir to the lovely fortune that his father (once an



LERNER & LOEWE WORKING AT THE RITZ
The loneliest men in town.

(Vienna frankfurters) that "spit in your mouth." Then he got on another plane and flew back to California. It was an epically impractical journey, but it did, however briefly, take him home.

From Liszt to Lehár. Frederick Loewe grew up in a musical-comedy world. His father, Edmund Loewe, a Vienna-born operetta tenor, was the first Prince Danilo in the Berlin production of Franz Lehár's *The Merry Widow*, the *Fair Lady* of its day, was also Berlin's first Chocolate Soldier. Fritz's mother Rosa was the daughter of a Viennese *Baummeister* (builder) and a sometime actress who used lipstick and cigarettes in a never-never age when young ladies often pinched their cheeks for color, also added color to her life with a swift and exotic imagination. At 16 she had some people convinced that she was mistress to Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, who at Sarajevo was to stop the bullet that started World War I.

Some of Fritz's first steps were mazur-

kas to party, playing everything from Liszt to Lehár. Slender, handsome, with dark blond curly hair, he was cocky, arrogant, and popular with girls, all sorts of girls. He declares that he had his first sexual experience at 2½ and his first affair at nine with his governess ("I thought I was abnormally precocious until I read Kinsey"). By 17, in the words of a conservative friend, he was a "sexual democrat." Once, having outrun his credit at a brothel, he paid off his debt by entertaining at the madam's piano.

Into the Ring. In 1924, accompanying his father on a tour of what Loewe Sr. called "the only country left on this globe," Fritz landed in the U.S. He apparently failed to persuade the critics—or himself—that the piano was the only career for Fritz Loewe. But a concert life, he told himself, was just so much acrobatics anyway, while a steady job with an orchestra was "like being in a union"; he pawned his career for seven years of wildly miscellaneous jobs.

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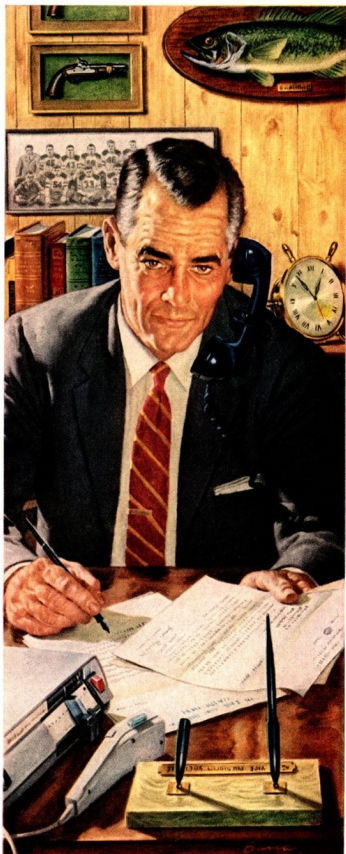
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ROSA & EDMUND LOEWE

Mazurkas, waltzes and Merry Widows.

Atlantic City dentist) and uncles had built up by converting a small blouse-making firm into the national chain called Lerner Shops.

Alan Lerner was raised in a 17-room Park Avenue apartment with a paneled library and wall-to-wall antiques. He adored his father and resented his forceful mother. There was considerable tension between the parents (later divorced). Alan's mother once slapped his face, saying: "You look too much like your father." Muses Alan now: "My mother really didn't start loving me until *Brigadoon*."

His long-ailing father believed that "there are only two reasons for having money—to get the best room in the hospital and to educate one's children." From the start, Alan had a first-rate education—Manhattan's Columbia Grammar School; Bedales School in Hampshire, England; Choate School. As a prep-school boy, Alan was fastidious but full of enthusiasm. Says his brother Richard: "He was the only one I've ever known who could play 60 minutes of gutsy football on a muddy field and not get his uniform dirty."

Hasty Puddings. Young Alan wrote a football marching song that is still sung at Choate, was one of the editors of the school yearbook, along with 19-year-old John Fitzgerald Kennedy. (A registered Republican, Lerner organized a Stevenson Club in 1956, likes Kennedy well enough and still sees him occasionally, but has said of the 1960 election that he really doesn't "give a damn," is for Jack only because he is against Nixon.)

Like Kennedy, Lerner went on to Harvard, class of 1940, where he majored in French and Italian literature. He knew all the current show tunes by heart, and walking down Mount Auburn Street one night, he burst out: "I want to write songs!" He worked on the Hasty Pudding Club musicals of 1938 and '39, filled them with promising, pun-filled lyrics, put in two summers at Manhattan's Juilliard School to learn more about music.

Boxing attracted Alan Jay Lerner as

well as Frederick Loewe, and fighting in the Harvard gymnasium one day, he suffered an accident that cost him the sight of his left eye. After graduation, it also cost him his chance to serve in the Army in World War II. Embarrassed and depressed by his 4-F rating, he made a personal appeal to the Surgeon General of the U.S., got nowhere, complained: "They won't take me unless the Nazis get to Rockefeller Plaza." He worked on his radio scripts, made himself familiar at the Lambs, waited for someone to say: "You write good lyrics. Would you like to do a musical with me?"

Patterns. Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe wrote that musical, *The Life of the Party*, in twelve days, and it ran nine weeks in Detroit. *What's Up* (1943) was their first on Broadway. *The Day Before Spring* (1945) won lower-middling reviews and closed after five months. Then 1947's *Brigadoon* spread the L. & L. tartan down Shubert Alley. In 1951 they achieved a sluggish eight months' run with *Paint Your Wagon*, a mining-camp western with an awkward book and a rousing score. Lerner, meanwhile, had been moonlighting on his partnership with Loewe, won an Oscar for the movie, *An American in Paris*. The partners came together again in 1954 to see if a musical could be made from George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*. The answer, 19 months later, was *My Fair Lady*—the best and most successful American musical ever written. It has grossed \$40 million so far, is now in its fifth year on Broadway, its third in London, and shows no signs of slowing down.

To collect capital for *Brigadoon*, they had to go through the show more than 50 times at auditions for prospective backers; *Fair Lady* was sold without a single audition; now they just pick up the phone. CBS has put up the entire \$480,000 cost of *Camelot*, and money now follows L. & L. wherever they go. They have yachts in the Mediterranean and villas on the Riviera. Lerner has a town house in Manhattan, and Loewe an airy glass pleasure-dome in Palm Springs, Calif. Each owns an \$18,000 Rolls-Royce convertible; Loewe's is "black pearl" grey and Lerner's, according to a Rolls salesman, "not-quite-royal" blue.

Meanwhile, their private lives have not been as boho as their shows. Lerner's list of wives reads almost like a history of plays on the road, and one of them points out that he plays a new part with each. Ruth Boyd (1940-47) was *Social Register*; Marion Bell (1947-49) was his Leading Lady, as she was in *Brigadoon*, and she came to the wedding with her music teacher. Actress Nancy Olson (1950-57) was the Upper-Middle-Class-All-American-Girl (Lerner referred to her once as "the perfect wife"). Micheline Muselli Pozzo di Borgo (1957—), a slim, blonde, Corsican beauty equipped with a law degree and a fine record at the French bar, is Sophisticated European Woman.

One of the more intriguing patterns in L. & L.'s lives: when Lerner married Marion Bell, Loewe simultaneously started

Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Thanks-but-no-thanks. Do you realize that a bootlegger is a management man? We didn't either, until we ran across the book that the Census Bureau uses to classify people. It's called, *Classified Index of Occupations and Industries*, and the following are listed under "Managers, Officials & Proprietors": *horse trader, jerryboat pilot, bathhouse keeper,*



peddler, pushcart stablekeeper, ragpicker, Indian trader (Is this a trader of Indians or an Indian who trades?), popcornstand keeper, and ticket scalper. Oh, and also racketeer and bootlegger.

Among the "Professional & Technical," according to the Bureau, are: *balloonist, tattoo artist, snake charmer, organ grinder, truant officer, medicine man, bird doctor, and medium. And last, but by no means least, impersonator.*

We have no quarrel with the Bureau, but we sure wouldn't want one of its experts screening subscriptions for us! Business Week has its own definitions of management and technical executives. A snake charmer, no matter how charming, is still



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57 SAUCE



an affair with her understudy; the affair (eleven years) lasted longer than the marriage (two years). Explains an old friend of Lerner's: "Alan thinks he has to marry and have children with any woman he gets involved with." As for Fritz, he has been separated from his wife for eleven years, has made a sizable settlement: \$135,000 down and \$10,000 a year for life—"her life," he explains wryly, "not mine." He has no children, says he does not want any because he hates noise (he keeps earplugs with him at all times) and thinks he could not stand "that waaaa noise kids make." Nevertheless he plans to leave most of his money to the children of friends. As he grows older, he treasures both silence and privacy more: "What's the point of seeing people—those poor, sad, beautiful faces with all their heart-breaking troubles?"

The Collaborators. No excess of wives, girl friends, possessions or noise has ever seriously interfered with L. & L.'s work. The composer-librettist relationship can produce some extraordinary cases of love-hate, as in the case of Gilbert and Sullivan. Professionally, Lerner and Loewe are marvelously meshed, and Fritz even goes so far as to say of Alan, "I love him." But friendship is not really necessary for artistic partnership—or for marriage.

Their methods have not varied over the years. Lerner starts off by thinking up a title for a song, usually the first line; Loewe then writes the music, almost always in Lerner's presence, and announces to anyone within earshot: "I've got Alan pregnant." Lerner delivers the balance of the lyrics, working with obsessive intensity; when he is really going strong, he feels ice-cold, has been known to light a fire in the middle of a heat wave while writing. Over the years he has set up a number of semi-fast rules for himself: avoid s sounds, avoid eer sounds above A above middle C, etc. As a lyricist, Lerner lacks the ultrasophistication of a Cole Porter, on the other hand would never commit the more cloying sentimentalities of Oscar Hammerstein. At their best, his lyrics are like expertly cut glass, as in these lines from *My Fair Lady*:

*A pensive man am I
Of philosophic joys;
Who likes to meditate,
Contemplate,
Free from humanity's mad, inhuman
noise.*

More sentimentally, he can wave banners as well as the men of Harlech:

*Ask ev'ry person if he's heard the story;
And tell it strong and clear if he has
not:
That once there was a fleeting wisp of
glory
Called Camelot.*

Proudly, Lerner points out that he avoided rhyming "Camelot" with "swan a lot" or "Lancelot" with "dance a lot"—but he did bring off such a rhyme in *My Fair Lady* when he lined up "Budapest" and "ruder pest" (it had to be changed after Soviet tanks in 1956 made the line less

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Ash Trays	3	2	2

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amusing). At his worst, his pudding is awfully hasty:

*Let them damn! Let them jeer!
But why burn Guinevere?*

As for Loewe's music, his emotional temperament has yielded some of the best popular tunes of his day (*I Could Have Danced All Night*; *On the Street Where You Live*). They spill over the battlements of Camelot. His present score is as melodious as any he has done, from brightly lighted marches (*Then You May Take Me to the Fair*) to pastels of love (*If Ever I Would Leave You*) and the gules-and-argent portrait of Camelot itself.

Loewe thinks of music in terms of color, once turned out compositions that reflected what he saw on an artist's canvases. For visitors he will still improvise "colors" on the piano, turning out a peacock-blue sonata or red march from three notes offered him at random. Without lapsing into triteness or parody, he has an extraordinary ability to suggest geographical locale, whether it is Scotland, Spain, or the American West, which has never been more eloquently described in melody than in *I Talk to the Trees* from *Paint Your Wagon*. He is sometimes accused of being derivative, but this is rarely the case. Preparing for *Wagon*, as Singer David Brooks recalls it, Lerner played a record of *Ghost Riders in the Sky* for Fritz over and over again, then Loewe sent one more ghost into the air—and a far better one—by writing his superb *They Call the Wind Maria*. "I never try to write a hit song," he says. "If you do, it is always silly, or Irving Berlin."

Lerner's Parsifal. In adapting T. H. White's *The Once and Future King*—the whole glorious frieze of Arthurian legend and the Middle Ages spread by a writer with the rarely combined gifts of levity, scholarship and poetry—Lerner and Loewe have unquestionably taken on the greatest and heaviest theme that has ever been attempted in the field of musical comedy (Loewe tried to read the book, did not finish it). Treated seriously, the story could only be a musical tragedy, about a king who loses his wife to his best friend, loses his life under the sword of a bastard son born as the result of a union between the king and his own sister, and loses his state—a political ideal called Camelot—to the besetting sin of its principal inhabitants.

So it was not exactly a pajama game. As Mark Twain and Rodgers & Hart had done with *Connecticut Yankee*, one method would have been to mock the legend with pure comedy. Others have played it straight—an impressive list that includes Geoffrey of Monmouth, Way, Layamon, Chrétien de Troyes, Sir Thomas Malory, Sir Walter Scott, Alfred Lord Tennyson, and now Alan Jay Lerner. In *Camelot*, he necessarily left out some of the legend's great characters: Sir Kay the Seneschal, Tristram and Isolde, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat, even Sir Galahad, the squarest knight at the Round Table.

On the road last week, critics, actors and audiences were wondering if he had



Millicent H. Greene
MICHAEL LERNER & MOTHER
A new role with each wife.

left out even more. Did the major themes—politics and adultery—really come together in the end? In handling the triangle subtly and tastefully, had he lost too much emotional conviction? Some felt that *Camelot* begins on Broadway and ends in Bayreuth; phrasemakers are already calling the show "Lerner's Parsifal."

• In *The Once and Future King*, T. H. White managed to darken the theme as gently as the coming of evening. White had 677 pages and Lerner has but three hours. In *Camelot*, Lerner moves from comedy to tragedy as if he were blowing out a candle. Another problem is that Lerner seems to stop shy of the most tragic moments—not only Arthur's death but Guinevere's trial and rescue, which, in the script as it stood last week, was only related in an awkward "stand-up oratorio." Perhaps L. & L.'s biggest problem is to find a way of telling this climactic scene visually or dramatically.

But much material worthy of the legend is already there, and L. & L. can tell themselves that their show is in no more trouble than many shows in tryout. One prospective first-nighter who declared himself unworried was T. H. White, who will get 1% of the gross, or about \$3,000 a month for the life of the show. From his home on the remote Channel island of Alderney, he wrote to Lerner: "For God's sake, forget about me. I want *Camelot* to succeed as a musical. Put in bubble dancers if you want." To his pen pal Richard Burton he wrote: "I hope it will be borozonic. I will be there on opening night, the old gentleman in the sixth row." Meanwhile, since White is a once and future tippler who plans to go off the wagon soon, the pubkeepers of Alderney were pulling out every bung in the Out Islands, awaiting the draught of gold from Broadway.



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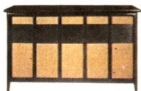


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THE PRESS

A Tough Customer

Justly famed as one of the few truly distinguished U.S. newspapers, the evening St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has long paraded across its local press landscape with its nose held high in the air, hardly deigning to admit that its competition even existed. But no longer. As of now, the liberal, articulate *P-D* is engaged in a circulation fight—and it is throwing men, money and even Tangle Town puzzles into the struggle. Concedes *Post-Dispatch* Business Manager Fred Rowden: "It may not be appealing, but you have to get

ter traffic safety, and better everything else that would make his newspaper sell better.

It was on the editorial page that the Amberg stamp was most heavily seen: the *Globe-Democrat* now stands foursquare behind conservatives ranging from General Douglas MacArthur to Guy Lombardo. And as a Boy Scoutmaster, Amberg can always find room for a moving editorial about, for example, small boys killed by lightning while selling Boy Scout circus tickets ("Certainly there must be an especial place reserved in Heaven for faithful little boys . . ."). As an old St. Louis newsman puts it: "Amberg is a bore, but he's a driving bore."

No Post Haste. In the past five years the *Globe's* daily circulation has gone from 288,085 to 325,832, while the *P-D* has dropped slightly from 307,531 to 306,212. Only in the lush Sunday field has the *P-D* increased its already huge lead. The *Post-Dispatch* also holds its 2-to-1 lead in paid advertising, but the *Globe* for the first time in years is making money—and the *P-D* is feeling the goad of competition.

If the *Globe* is a reflection of its publisher's aggressiveness, the *Post-Dispatch* is a mirror of its own, far different publisher. Joseph Pulitzer Jr., 47, is a gentle, high-minded fellow who feels infinitely more at home in an art gallery than in a city room. He has sometimes been heard to remark at dinner parties that he doesn't really like his job—except for his part in supervising the *P-D's* cultural articles, which he ponders in an office graced by a Rodin bust of his legendary grandfather, the founder of the *P-D* and of the old *New York World*. In the face of the stiff competition from the *Globe*, the city editor of the *Post* has lately been laboring longer over weekly "beat sheets" he sends to Pulitzer—scores by which the *Post* theoretically scooped its rival on local stories. It is symptomatic of the *Post-Dispatch's* present attitude that in the weeks preceding a U.S. presidential election, its managing editor has been vacationing in Hawaii.

Triager Happy. As so often happens in bitter circulation battles, both papers have become trigger happy in their coverage and comments on the news. Back in February, the *P-D* needlessly trumpeted an "exposé" of a respected businessman who had been jailed 35 years ago but who had led a blameless life ever since.

More recently, the *Globe* fell for a story told by a white woman who said she had been raped by three Negroes. With racist overtones, the *Globe* described the situation as being "as bad as the Congo." And then the woman's story turned out to be a hoax. The *Post-Dispatch* smugly editorialized: "A newspaper that will exploit public emotions over such a case in the hope of selling a few papers is beneath contempt." Last month, while Amberg was spending a Sunday morning in his Norman-style suburban home, he became so incensed about the fact that faculty mem-

bers of St. Louis' Washington University had signed a petition on behalf of Chemist Linus Pauling ("a bunch of left-wingers") that he fired off an enraged editorial and sent it to the office by taxicab.

Washington University Physicist Edward U. Condon, singled out by Amberg for having dared to back Pauling, protested to the *Globe*—and threatened libel action. So did Pauling. Both complaints were published, along with a halfhearted acknowledgment of "completely unintentional" inaccuracies in the editorial.

Survival of the Fittest. Despite the *Globe's* circulation inroads and the *P-D's* belated concern, the *Globe* has a long row to hoe before it catches up with the *Post-Dispatch* as a newspaper. Amberg has



Art Fillmore
POST-DISPATCH'S PULITZER
Against cultured hauteur . . .

down and meet the competition on his own level. I've got to admit they're a tough customer."

The tough customer is the 108-year-old St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Only five years ago, the morning *Globe* was at death's door. Its makeup was sloppy; its local coverage was dull and spotty. The lacerkerchief editorial page was dubbed even by staffers as "the old lady." In 1955, Chain Publisher Samuel I. Newhouse bought the *Globe-Democrat* for \$6,250,000 and set about saving it.

Forever Amberg. The man Newhouse picked to rescue the *Globe* from its spiritual and economic depression had already accomplished a similar transformation on another Newhouse property, the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. He is Richard Hiller Amberg, now 48, a grey-haired, hip-shooting combination of businessman, newsman and club-joining civic promoter. On the *Globe*, Amberg cut production costs, tidied the makeup, concentrated on suburban and local coverage that the internationally minded *P-D* had begun to neglect, and launched a spate of civic campaigns for better hospitals, better airline service, bet-



Roy Cook
GLOBE-DEMOCRAT'S AMBERG
... an explosive drive.

brought many improvements to the *Globe-Democrat*; yet the *P-D* remains more thoughtfully written and edited, has much superior Washington and foreign coverage. Says one *Post-Dispatch*man: "We're harder to read, we're long as hell, and sometimes we're not as bright as we should be. But a serious reader has to see the *Post-Dispatch* to know what's going on." True enough, but an old *Globeman* is equally correct in saying: "This is a brutal fight. The *Globe* is moving up fast. Amberg's hungry. The *P-D's* still a hell of a paper, but not like it used to be. Pulitzer's not hungry and never has been."

Southern Discomfort

One line that guards freedom of the press from license is the law of libel. Editors are always mindful of it; advertising departments are sometimes less heedful.

Last March, reading a full-page ad in the *New York Times*, L. (for Lester) B. Sullivan, 39, police commissioner of Montgomery, Ala., decided that the *Times* had done him wrong. Sullivan had not even been mentioned by name; the ad was an appeal for funds to defend Dr. Martin

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Reverend Robert Carrington, Bethel Temple Church, Turlock, California, says:

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Home Office: Seattle. Division Offices: New York, Atlanta, St. Louis, Dallas, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, Canada

Luther King Jr., Southern Negro leader, against charges of income-tax evasion. Nonetheless, Sullivan sued for libel, seeking \$500,000 damages against the *Times* and four other defendants. Last week in Montgomery, a circuit court jury gave Lester Sullivan every dollar he asked for.

Just Begun. Though the verdict will be appealed, it was a considerable blow to the *Times* (which buried the story on page 67). Still pending are three more libel suits resulting from the same ad, including one by Alabama Governor John M. Patterson, asking \$1,000,000. The Sullivan judgment strongly implied that the *Times*'s trouble has only begun.

The Sullivan case was trouble that the *Times* might have avoided. When the ad was submitted to the paper last spring, no one apparently bothered to check it carefully for fact. Not until Governor Patterson demanded—and got—a public apology from the paper in May did the *Times* discover that the ad contained at least one error in fact—together with some dangerous implications.

The ad erroneously stated that after students at Montgomery's Alabama State College, a Negro institution, held a quiet demonstration for integration, "state authorities" padlocked the students' dining hall "to starve them into submission." In addition, enemies of Dr. Martin Luther King were lumped together as "Southern violators" who "bombed his home," "arrested him seven times," and met his peaceful protests with "intimidation and violations."

Replotted Line. In court Sullivan's lawyer, Robert E. Steiner, loudly demanded vengeance. "Newspapers have got to tell the truth," he told the jury. "One way to get their attention and the attention of everybody else who publishes newspapers is to hit them in the pocketbook."

The *Times* argued that it did no business in Alabama and therefore could not be sued there, that it was not directly responsible for the ads it runs ("The publication of an ad does not reflect the judgment or the opinion of the editors"), and that Sullivan was not hurt anyway.

Sullivan conceded that his reputation had not been damaged by the ad. But under Alabama law, as in most states, the jury had a right to assess punitive judgment over and above actual civil damage. In clouting the *Times* for \$500,000, the Alabamians may have been within their technical rights. But in awarding such damages to a man who admitted he had not been damaged, the jury had plainly replotted the line dividing press liberty and press license.

"I Like the Business"

Bulky, cherry-cheeked Roy Herbert Thomson, 66, was once described by a female employee as "a money-grasping old goat, but a dear old goat at that." In London, where he now headquarters, he has been variously called "the Henry Ford of journalism" (by the *Observer*), a "ruthless hustler with a Midas touch" (by the Communist *Daily Worker*) and "a religious man." This last description comes



Europe Bound? It takes just 3 business days on the s.s. United States!



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The world's fastest ship gets you there relaxed in just a weekend plus 3 days

One of the few ways a busy executive can relax these days is by taking the s.s. United States when he goes to Europe.

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With gourmet meals, motion pictures, Meyer Davis dance music, gymnasium, salt-water pool, and massage to relax you, it's like 5 days at a seagoing spa.

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from Thomson himself, who adds: "It's against my religious principles to lose money."

Whatever anyone may think of him, one fact about Roy Thomson stands beyond dispute: he owns 76 newspapers in six countries, more than anyone else in the world. Only 21 years out of the Canadian North country, he invaded London last year, Fleet Street, which has seen many a more flamboyant press lord come and go, now realizes that Thomson means to stay. Fleet Street is in trouble. Only last month the venerable *Liberal News Chronicle* and its companion, the *Star*, folded for the simple reason that they could not make money—despite a combined circulation of more than 2,000,000. Thomson himself recently sold out his *Sunday Empire News* (circ. 2,000,000) and has earmarked his ailing *Sunday Graphic* (circ. 880,000) for early execution.

"Why Else?" Thomson is different from the usual Fleet Street press lord who goes after power, prestige, a peerage or who, like another transplanted Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook, wants to exhort ("I run the paper purely for the purpose of making propaganda," Press Lord Beaverbrook once said). Thomson expects to earn almost \$20 million this year on his \$130 million empire. This prospect delights him. "A sound financial front is the most important thing in a newspaper," he said last week. "Why else would you be in the news business? Either it's because you're mad at somebody, or the way things are being handled. Or else you want to preach. The only other reason is that it's business. I like the business."

Thomson has a sort of small-boy wonder about his own success. "Have you ever heard of anything bigger?" he asked while marveling at his own audacity in paying \$14 million for a two-thirds interest in England's big Kemsley chain. But he keeps his adult head about him. Horrified to discover that the 40-page *Sunday Times* was turning away ads for lack of space, Thomson gave orders to add eight pages, intends to go to 64 if necessary.

"Jeez, There's Nothing..." Roy Thomson is fond of saying: "We can expand indefinitely." Son of a Toronto barber, Thomson at 24 had managed to accumulate, and then blow, a small fortune in Saskatchewan land speculation. In 1929 he went to North Bay, Ont. to sell radios, branched into broadcasting to push his product and in 1934, for \$200 down and \$200 a month, bought a moribund weekly called the *Timmins Press*. One of the unfledged publisher's first moves was to send a dime to each of 100 small U.S. dailies. When the copies came in, Thomson read them and reached his conclusion: "Jeez, there's nothing in them we can't do." The *Timmins Press* went daily in 1935.

Out of the Rat Race. On its modest success, Roy Thomson has pyramided his empire. He drives hard bargains, e.g., he bought the Edinburgh *Scotsman* for \$3,000,000, or only \$600,000 more than the construction cost of its 13-story plant. He pays ad salesmen more than reporters, likes to say "there's nothing in this busi-



PRESS LORDS BEAVERBROOK AND THOMSON
A common instinct for bigness.

ness that a few thousand dollars worth of advertising won't cure."

But along the pathway to profit, Thomson picked up some of the instincts of a newspaperman. Selling the *Empire News* and getting rid of the *Sunday Graphic* makes good business sense, but even better newspaper sense: they are members of the British "popular press," which peddles sex and sensation for news. "I could only hope to keep them on as salacious papers," he said. "Frankly I don't want to get in that kind of rat race."

Under Thomson, the Kemsley chain, once starchy conservative, has drifted towards the middle of the road. There Thomson is wooing Britain's rising middle class. He has added a culture-packed Saturday supplement to several of his dailies, beefed up news columns, hired correspondents on the Continent to expand foreign coverage.

"Looking All the Time." "Actually," said one Thomson employee last week, "the only conservative thing about Thomson is his money." Thomson encourages this view. He tells risqué stories at stuffy editorial conferences, invites everyone to call him Roy, and rides the London underground more often than his blue Cadillac or Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud. Thomson's editors have full rein: "I've got people with a helluva lot more editorial ability than I've got, and I'd be doing them and myself a disservice to inject myself into the papers."

Besides, Roy Thomson is too busy peering through his binocular-thick glasses at more good buys on the world's far horizons. It is an open Fleet Street secret that he has designs on the London *Daily Telegraph* (circ. 1,220,389), biggest and most popular of London's "quality" dailies. And he has far from satisfied his appetite for papers in the U.S., where he has only eight (biggest: the St. Petersburg, Fla. *Times*), including five weeklies. Says Thomson longingly: "There are thousands of papers there, and I'm looking all the time."

Now see your gift of flowers-by-wire just as it will arrive!

*Beautiful bouquet and vase shown below now delivered anywhere
in U.S.A. or Canada just as you see them here*



*Specially Priced
for the
Fall Season*

MIXED FALL BOUQUET
IN A
KEEPSAKE
MILK GLASS VASE

both for **\$7.50**

*plus handling charges
Prices may vary slightly
in some locations.*

**Make something warm and human and wonderful happen
... send this flowers-by-wire value**

Here's your chance to discover the electric effect of flowers-by-wire—at a very special price. Stop at your FTD florist and see this full, rich bouquet of mums, pompons and fall foliage artistically designed and delivered in a classic milk glass vase she'll use again and again.

You'll agree this is a remarkable value. Send it—and you'll reach right out and touch her.

Touch her so deeply you'll almost *feel* the glow come back. This long-lasting gift will grace the home, the table, and give enduring pleasure. Take advantage of this special new offer. Look up your FTD florist now in the phone book Yellow Pages under FTD—Florists' Telegraph Delivery.

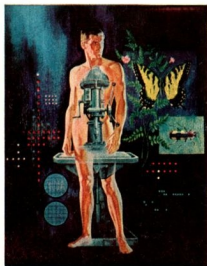
FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY



For the 50th year...
This Emblem Guarantees
Quality and Delivery
—or your money back

DAYSTROM presents

*Management's
new language
of measurement
and control*



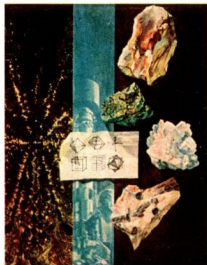
These are illustrations for a series of ads DAYSTROM has been running in this magazine. We've talked about automation . . . computing . . . advanced electronics—and we've tried to talk in standard English. The ads have been about DAYSTROM, too. But we've restrained our prideful enthusiasm and used this space mostly for non-competitive information.

Why are we doing this? Here's why. DAYSTROM is an important participant in this business of measurement, computing and control . . . a growing factor in systems for industry and defense. These are the fields on which a revolution is taking place—a second Industrial Revolution. Progress has been so rapid that people tend to think of our work in science-fiction terms. And most of us in the industry encourage this by using terms that the public hasn't digested . . . by emphasizing the awe-inspiring aspects of our business.

We don't think it's healthy. We want people to feel at home with the ideas we work with at DAYSTROM. Ideas that are important to you, too, as a businessman, industrialist, or informed citizen. We want to take the mystery out of this new language . . . so that you'll see more clearly the tremendous significance it will have in your life and business.

We hope you've read these ads and will read those yet to come. The subjects covered so far are: FEEDBACK . . . MEMORY . . . THE SOLID STATE . . . SIGNALS & NOISE . . . THE BINARY DIGIT. You've seen or heard most of these terms. There's no reason why their meanings should be obscure.

If you'd care to have a portfolio of these ads, just write to the address at bottom, right. The fine illustrations by artist Paul Calle are worth having for themselves.



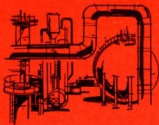
This is Daystrom

A fast-growing corporation . . . deeply involved in the expanding fields of electronics and instrumentation . . . with diversified product lines, well-balanced among industrial, military, space and consumer markets. A company whose progressive research and development programs have established its leadership in key areas of systems engineering . . . measurement, testing and simulation . . . computation . . . and process control.



DEFENSE PRODUCTS GROUP

Electric Division, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Military Electronics Division,
Archbald, Pa.
Pacific Division, Los Angeles, Calif.
Transcoil Division, Worcester, Pa.
Daystrom-Wiancko Engineering
Company, Pasadena, Calif.



INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS GROUP

Control Systems Division, La Jolla, Calif.
Weston Instruments Division:
Newark, N. J.
Union, N. J.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Ponce, Puerto Rico



CONSUMER PRODUCTS GROUP

Heath Company,
Benton Harbor, Michigan

Furniture Division,
Olean, N. Y.

Specialists in components and sub-systems for land, sea and aero-space applications for the U. S. Government: ordnance equipment . . . naval nuclear propulsion systems . . . anti-submarine warfare . . . ground support for missiles . . . inertial guidance packages . . . and many other types of electronic support and weapons systems.

Developers and producers of measurement, recording, computation and control devices—and systems—for industrial, commercial and military applications. Daystrom leads the field in solid state systems, and equipment designed to monitor and control industrial processes . . . offers instrumentation capabilities unmatched by any other organization. This group includes a nationwide network of sales and service facilities.

High-quality electronic equipment for the amateur or hobbyist: hi-fi, stereo, radio, intercom, and other audio-equipment . . . marine and mobile communications . . . educational electronic kits and computers . . . test equipment. Weston Exposure Meters and other photographic apparatus. Steel, plastic and aluminum furniture for the home.

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Engineering, manufacturing, sales and service facilities in 69 countries. International subsidiaries include:

Daystrom Limited, Canada
Daystrom G.m.b.H., West Germany
Daystrom Overseas Limited, Switzerland
Daystrom Limited, England
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DAYSTROM, INCORPORATED

Headquarters: Murray Hill, New Jersey



**Time
brings
fewer
cares...**

when you're sure you have enough life insurance!

How much is enough? That depends on your family, your plans, many other things.

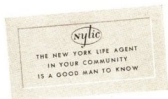
For help in figuring the right amount for you, see your New York Life Agent.

In the time it takes to sign your name, life insurance can brighten your view of the future. Have you worried about not setting aside enough money—for your retirement? To help the children through college? Or for other major needs? Through life insurance you can steadily build the funds you want. Have you worried about your family's future if they were to lose you? Life insurance can guarantee they'll have basic financial security. You can do all these things—and more—with modern life insurance.

Just make sure you have enough.
The amount you need depends on the

size of your family, your plans, and similar considerations. Your New York Life Agent can help you find the right answer. Ask him also about the Guaranteed Insurability Option for younger people. It gives a young man the future right to buy as much as \$70,000 more insurance regardless of changes in health or occupation. This valuable feature is available with various policies for little extra.

Call your New York Life Agent soon, or write: New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. T-59, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. (In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario)



NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities
Accident & Sickness Insurance • Pension Plans

ART

THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM



KAREL APPEL'S PRIZEWINNING "WOMAN WITH OSTRICH"

What Van Gogh Missed

At 39, burly Karel Appel is Holland's best-known living painter, but greater fame and fortune came to him from outside his native land. Last week, out of 131 paintings from 28 nations, most of them on display at Manhattan's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Appel copped the \$10,000 Guggenheim International Award—the fattest of all international art prizes—for a violent, swirling abstraction called *Woman with Ostrich*, in which neither woman nor ostrich was particularly recognizable except to those who have been overexposed to the Rorschach ink-blot tests. At the Martha Jackson Gallery a few blocks south, 28 other Appel canvases hung last week, all looking as if they had been done in a rage.

The son of an Amsterdam barber, Appel has had a career as turbulent as his paintings. When he did a mural for the canteen in Amsterdam's city hall, some diners threw their lunches at it. Some years later, when he designed six stained-glass windows for a new church in the town of Zaandam, 300 parishioners refused to contribute to the building fund. In Paris, a city more used to the outrageous in art, Appel decorated a restaurant in the UNESCO building. And in Britain, Sir Herbert Read solemnly declared that Appel has found the world "Van Gogh was seeking but did not find—the world of abstract expressionism."

To Appel, painting is "a battle." He pops his colors directly out of the tube, smears them around with fingers, palette knife, and occasionally a brush. "I am

interested in force," says he, "not esthetics." When the heavy, screaming colors look curled enough, Appel appends a title—*Head in the Mountains*, *Smiling Grasshopper*, *Personage with Parrot*. Where is the head, the grasshopper, the parrot—or the woman and the ostrich? "For me," Appel once explained, "painting is destroying what I have done before."

The Way of the Lark

When at the age of 30 Jean Baptiste Camille Corot won the cross of the Legion of Honor, his father took one look at his elderly son's shabby attire and said to his wife: "I think we ought to give Camille a little more money." Corot had never sold a painting in his life, and though he had exhibited at the Salon, it was not until after his death that the range of his work became known. Last week the Art Institute of Chicago had on display the largest Corot exhibition ever shown in the U.S.—223 works by a man who would have been astonished to learn that 85 years after his death, people were still talking about him.

He was probably the most self-effacing artist who ever lived. He kept his figure paintings turned to the wall and referred to them deprecatingly as "my monkeys." Of his contemporary, Painter Eugène Delacroix, he would say: "He is an eagle, and I am only a lark." But for all his modesty, Corot was a single-minded man. He flatly refused to work in his father's drapery shop, rejected the fiancée his parents selected for him, even refused to marry at all. All that Corot ever really wanted to do was paint.

Though he felt himself surrounded by his superiors, he acknowledged no master. "No one has taught me anything," he said. The classical influence of Poussin was there, but Corot could not treat a landscape as if it were a stage; he insisted on painting his landscapes on the spot. "One must go to the fields," he said. "I need real branches." As he mastered his art, each outdoor scene seemed to declare—in the curves of its shadows and the softness of its light—the very time of day that it was painted. In this, above all his contemporaries, Corot foreshadowed the impressionists.

In both his life and his art he was the epitome of contentment. In failure he did not sulk; in success he was happy to use his wealth to help out his friends, including the caricaturist Daumier, who—impoverished and nearly blind—was about to be evicted from his cottage. Corot bought another cottage for Daumier and sent along a tongue-in-cheek explanation: "It is not for you I do this; it is merely to annoy your landlord."

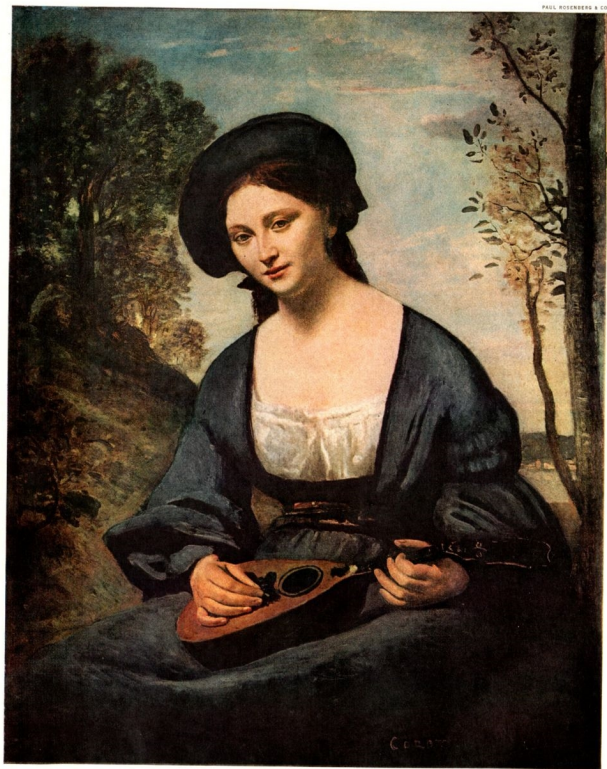
While his romantic contemporaries reveled in bright color and dramatic gesture, Corot serenely went his own way, seeing a world of silvery grey and feathery birches. His figures rarely show emotion, but they radiate a sense of brooding mystery (see color). If his landscapes display no flash of power, it is only because he saw the world as perpetually at peace. Corot was the unobtrusive link between French classicism and impressionism—an innovator who would not jolt. "One should," he insisted, "love the art that procures calm."

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



PAINTER COROT IN ARRAS (1871)

TIME, NOVEMBER 14, 1960



COROT'S PENSIVE "WOMAN WITH MANDOLIN" WAS PAINTED BETWEEN 1850 AND 1855



ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

THE ROMANTIC "BRIDGE OF TRYSTS" WAS ONE OF COROT'S LAST WORKS

"THE INN AT MONTIGNY-LES-CORMEILLES" WAS A PRODUCT OF COROT'S YOUTH



WILLISLEIGH COLLEGE COLLECTION

SCIENCE

1960's Nobelmen

Amid all the hullabaloo about who's ahead in scientific achievement, the Swedish Academy of Science, which awards Nobel Prizes in chemistry and physics, has remained notably indifferent to political leanings. It was not pro-Western sympathy but professional admiration that last week made a pair of U.S. scientists the 1960 Nobel prizewinners in chemistry and physics. The two:

Willard Frank Libby, 51, in chemistry. A lanky (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.), slow-spoken member of the Atomic Energy Commission between 1954 and 1959, Libby is the man who pioneered in carbon 14, by means of which bones, beams and bogs can be dated as far back as 60,000 years ago (TIME cover, Aug. 15, 1955).

Born in Colorado and raised on a fruit ranch in Northern California, Libby studied chemistry at the University of California in Berkeley. He got his doctorate in 1933, went on to teach chemistry at Berkeley. But after Pearl Harbor, he plunged into the supersecret Manhattan Project that built the first atomic bomb.

After the war, Libby joined the newly formed Institute of Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago and specialized in peaceful employment of the atom. Investigating the feeble radioactivity of air, he found that a good part of it comes from carbon 14, a radioactive isotope of carbon that is formed when cosmic rays hit nitrogen atoms in the atmosphere. This led to a brilliant idea that has revolutionized a long list of sciences.

Carbon 14 has a half life of 5,700 years, i.e., half its atoms disintegrate in that time, giving off radiation. Living plants absorb C-14 from the air, and animals get it from plants. Therefore, newly formed organic matter starts out with a standard amount of carbon 14, but after the plant or animal dies, the C-14 in its tissues slowly diminishes. When the amount re-

maining is measured by means of its radiation, the time that has passed since death can be calculated accurately.

This dating system, which Libby checked on ancient objects of known age, such as human hair from Egyptian tombs, has been fabulously successful. It is now used to date objects as diverse as charcoal from neolithic campfires, and trees killed by Ice Age glaciers. It won Libby his well-deserved Nobel Prize.

Libby's laboratory career was interrupted by his service on the Atomic Energy Commission. Although he sturdily rebutted some of the less knowledgeable, most hair-raising claims about the horrors of atomic fallout, Libby did not enjoy his AEC job. He never saw an atomic explosion, and may never see one. Moreover, as he said last week of his AEC experience, "There was constant strain and tension there."

In 1959, Libby resigned his commission-ership with a near audible sigh of relief and became a professor of chemistry at the University of California at Los Angeles. He lives close to the campus with his wife and 15-year-old twin daughters, and is busy again on peaceful research.

Donald Glaser, 34, a beamingly boyish professor at the University of California, Berkeley, won the physics prize. Dr. Glaser was born in Cleveland. While in high school (he graduated at 15), he took as much interest in music as in science, and at 16 played the violin in Cleveland's Philharmonic Orchestra. When he entered Case Institute of Technology, physics finally won precedence over music.

Glaser took his doctorate at Caltech and in 1949 started teaching physics at the University of Michigan. Soon he got the first glimmerings of the seemingly wild idea that won him the Nobel Prize. After watching bubbles appear in freshly opened beer he suspected that they might be affected somehow by cosmic-ray particles striking through the gas-charged liquid. If this was so, the bubbles should be useful for detecting high-energy radiation.

His first attempt to prove this hypothesis was a failure. Glaser brought bottles of beer, soda water and ginger ale into his laboratory (beer was forbidden on campus, he now recalls) and heated them. He placed a radioactive source near a bottle; then he uncapped the bottle. The radiation had no observable effect on the bubbles that burst out of the bottle, but Glaser was not discouraged. Working with almost no funds or encouragement, he built his first successful bubble chamber in 1953. It was half an inch in diameter and was filled with ether. "Ether is cheap," explains Glaser, "and I could get it at the chemistry store without any red tape."

The principle behind the bubble chamber is that high-energy charged particles (electrons, protons, mesons, etc.) ionize materials that they pass through by knocking electrons off atoms. Glaser reasoned that these ions should repel one an-



Associated Press

PHYSICIST GLASER
Bubbles from particles.

other, and that if they are formed in a liquid that is about to start boiling, they should show as lines of rapidly growing bubbles along the tracks of the particles. This is just what happens when a bubble chamber is made and manipulated in precisely the right way, which is not easy.

By 1955, Glaser's bubble chambers were working fine. Physicists, it now appeared, had been waiting for just such a piece of apparatus. Every serious physics laboratory now has at least one bubble chamber. The biggest one, at Berkeley, is 72 inches long, filled with liquid hydrogen, and cost \$2,000,000.

Young Glaser, a bachelor, climbs low-resistance mountains ("I'm not the rope and pylon type of climber"). He is still devoted to music, and may spend part of the \$43,627 Nobel Prize on a really good viola. His boss, Chancellor Glenn Seaborg, a Nobel prizewinner himself, says, not wholly in jest, that he realized Glaser was highly eligible for a Nobel Prize and enticed him to Berkeley just in time to get some of the credit for the University of California.

Doomsday in 2026 A.D.

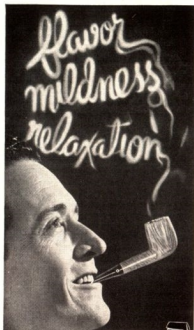
Ever since the time of Malthus (1766-1834), prophets of doom have warned that if the human race does not stop reproducing so fast it will eventually outbreed its available food supply. But whenever the pessimists of the plundered-planet school have set a date for this unhappy event, they were proved to be wrong. In advanced countries the technology of food production has kept well ahead of population growth (TIME, Nov. 8, 1948). The U.S., with its burdensome crop surplus, is farther from starvation than ever before, and other countries are in the same condition. Only technologically backward countries are seriously feeling the pressure of population, and they can dodge fate for a while at least, by improving their technology.

"Squeezed to Death." Does this mean that the Malthusian limit will never be reached? Not so, says Physicist Heinz



UPI

CHEMIST LIBBY
Age from cosmic rays.



KAYWOODIE

smokers get all three
... without inhaling

The ultimate in smoking satisfaction is yours in a Kaywoodie. Big promise? Here's how we keep it.

Our briar is aged, cured, and inspected till but one specimen in 200 survives. For when it's Kaywoodie-perfect, briar will smoke cool, sweet, and mild.

Inside, our Drinkless Fitment screens juices and tars for a clean dry draw.

For flavor, mildness, relaxation without inhaling—Kaywoodie. Smart gift idea; great smoking idea!

Relief
Grain
Pot
\$7.95



Other Kaywoodie pipes and sets \$4.95 to \$25.00.			
Standard	\$5.95	Silhouette	\$10.00
White Briar	6.00	Flame Grain	12.50
Super Grain	6.95	Connoisseur	15.00

Send 25¢ for Catalog C2 to Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, N.Y.

KAYWOODIE



von Foerster, 48, of the University of Illinois, the latest to cry extinction of the human race. He does it, not as a mystic does, having undergone some shattering revelation, but with earnest and scholarly equations. His doomsday is the year 2026. In the November 4 *Science*, Professor von Foerster calculates by elaborate mathematics what will happen if the human species avoids large-scale disaster (e.g., nuclear war), sets up a cooperative world society, develops technical methods that yield an unlimited food supply and continues to increase at an ever-quickenening rate as, he says, it has been doing since the time of Christ.

The climax will come at a calculable date in the future, which Von Foerster, in mathematical terms, calls t_0 (t sub zero). "For obvious reasons," he says, " t_0 shall be called 'doomsday,' since it is on that date that N (the number of 'elements,' or people) goes to infinity, and the clever population annihilates itself. Our great-great-grandchildren will not starve. They will be squeezed to death." His equation says that doomsday will come surprisingly soon. The most likely date for it is Friday, Nov. 13, A.D. 2026.

"Widening Every Minute," Von Foerster does not really believe that the human race will breed itself to universe-filling infinity in 66 years. He uses his equation to illustrate in an attention-getting manner that any population that increases at an accelerating rate (as the human race has been doing) is headed for ultimate trouble. Even the best food technology, he says, cannot race ahead of an ever-steepening curve. But he believes that "there is no need to wait until an external mechanism influences human activity. Since man's environment becomes less and less influenced by 'natural forces' and more and more by social forces determined by man, he himself can take control over his fate." Enter birth control.

Von Foerster declares that if mankind wants to avoid the doomsday of infinitely crowded population, it must establish a control mechanism, a "peoplo-stat," to keep the world's population at a desired level. This can be done at present by what he considers comparatively painless methods, such as heavy taxation on families with more than two children. "Tomorrow, of course," says Von Foerster, "it will be more difficult, since the gap between birth rate and death rate is widening every minute."

Dr. von Foerster is the father of three.

In Imitation of Birds

Sitting on high-tension wires is obviously for the birds. When a bird flutters down from the air and perches on a hot wire, the deadly current rushes about inside the body but, since it is not grounded, can go no farther and does no harm. Squirrels run greater electrical risks, but it is their own fault: they have a habit of nuzzling each other. A lone squirrel can scoot safely back and forth across a wire, but when a squirrel on a charged line touches noses with a friend on a grounded tower, or swishes its tail onto another



BAREHANDED LINEMEN
Without the boom, boom!

wire, the result is dramatic: flash, bang, goodbye squirrels. For humans, messing around with high-tension wires has been even more hazardous.

Linemen, working on charged wires while their bodies are grounded by contact with poles or towers, have had to use "hotsticks" and other clumsy but insulated tools to protect them from the current. There was always the danger that a careless motion might draw a deadly charge. A simple job like changing an insulator could take five man-hours when done in this way.

Last week President Philip Sporn of the American Electric Power Co. Inc. announced that his company has adopted a new "bird" technique of working on high-tension lines. The lineman does not climb the tower. Instead, he sits in a plastic bucket and is raised to the wire by a truck-mounted boom made of insulating fiber glass. When he reaches the wire, he clamps to it a cable that is connected to metal mesh lining the bucket. This operation sounds suicidal, but it is not. The current moves into the mesh, charging it along with the lineman's body. Nothing more happens. The insulated boom keeps the current from surging to the ground, so the lineman is as safe as a bird on the wire. He can work on it with bare hands and ordinary metal tools.



This system has been field-tested on transmission lines carrying 138,000 volts, and has proved a time and labor saver. But linemen must learn new habits to use the system safely. With their bodies charged with electricity straining to reach the ground, they must avoid all grounded objects. Poles and towers, which were friendly and safe under the old system, are enemies now. Brushing against them will bring the instantaneous fate that comes to nose-touching squirrels.



CHIPS STILL FLY IN THE HOLLOW, for we make our own charcoal to properly smooth out Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.

The ancient Charcoal Mellowing process calls for a special charcoal, so we make it all ourselves. Hard maple is brought in, sawed up, and rick-burned. Then the charcoal is packed tightly in vats 10 feet high, and the Jack Daniel's is trickled in. What seeps out 10 days later...drop by drop...is only the smooth *sippin'* part, ready for aging. After a sip, we believe, you'll agree it's worth the trouble.

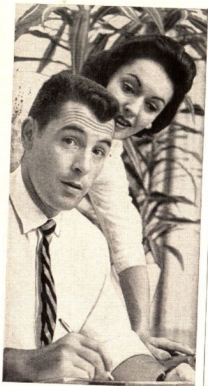


THE
TENNESSEE

SIPPIN'

WHISKEY

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HOW CAN WE PLAN FOR STEREO MUSIC IN OUR HOME?



What do we need? What would it cost? Where can we put it? . . . All your questions fully answered in John Conly's new booklet.

Here is your opportunity to learn, from a leading authority, all you've wanted to know about stereo—the music that surrounds you. John Conly, music editor of Atlantic Monthly, tells about modern easy-to-install, easy-to-play stereo components . . . Shows you how only one "master component", plus speakers of your choice, brings you broadcast music you've never heard before . . . explains how easily you can add to your system to play stereo records and tapes, record choice musical programs, family voices and events.

A NEW WORLD OF FAMILY PLEASURE

"All About Stereo" removes the "mystery" of stereo components, shows with simple words, pictures, diagrams how easily they fit any room or wall space, any pocketbook, any music system you desire. Ask your Bell dealer for a copy, or send 25c (no stamps).



Bell SOUND DIVISION
Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc.

559 Marion Road, Columbus 7, Ohio



CINEMA

The New Pictures

Surprise Package [Columbia] is stuffed with expensive ingredients: Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor, Noel Coward in front of the camera, Director Stanley (Seven Brides for Seven Brothers) Donen behind it, plus a script by Harry (Reclining Figure) Kurnitz based on a novel (*A Gift from the Boys*) by Columnist Art Buchwald. But as far as entertainment is concerned, *Package* contains only what is known in show business as a bomb. Director Donen clearly intended to tell a shaggy-dog story the way John Huston did in his hilarious *Beat the Devil*, but, unfortunately, Donen's dog turns out to be all bark and no bite.

The hero (Brynner) is a big-time hood deported from the U.S. to his native Greece and confined by the Greek government to a small Aegean island. The story revolves around his attempt to get back in the money by relieving an exiled king (Noel Coward) of his million-dollar crown. Revolving ever more tediously, it goes down the drain in a clutter of words—*Package* is perhaps the year's talkiest talkie. Coward: "It's amazing how a girl so dumb that if you say hello she's stuck for an answer can reel off a three-hour lecture on why wild mink is better." Brynner, contemplating a statue of a discus thrower: "What sort of a country is this? Puttin' up a monument of a guy stealin' hubcaps!"

Weddings and Babies (Morris Engel Associates), as a technical exercise in cinema, is one of the most exciting feature films the U.S. has produced in a decade. Shot mostly on Manhattan's Lower East Side, the picture was photographed, directed and partly written by Morris Engel, a shoestring independent whose 1953 movie, *The Little Fugitive*, scored a solid commercial success in the U.S. and in France made a cultural splash that helped to kick up the New Wave of creativity in French films (TIME, Nov. 16, 1959).

Weddings' hero is a small-time commercial photographer (John Myers) who lives in his store-front studio in the Village and shares his cot with his "model" (Viveca Lindfors). She keeps nagging him to marry her, he keeps dodging. Underneath the usual evasions lies, of course, the usual fear of life, but he'll be damned if he's going to open that can of worms. So they bicker, make up, get engaged, take his mother (Chiara Barile) to an old folks' home, trail her all over town when she runs away, bicker, break up. The crisis comes, their lives turn on an instant when the hero, wandering through a vast metropolitan cemetery in search of his father's grave, understands that he must choose between life, personified in the girl he loves, and death, embodied in the mother he must leave.

The moment is anything but soap-operatic. The moviegoer suddenly finds himself wandering in the hero's personal hell and realizes not altogether happily

that Engel's picture, most serious when it smiles is essentially a mordant reanimation of Orpheus—on Tenth Street.

Yet the story of *Weddings* is less important than the way it is told. Director Engel has attempted a sort of "candid cinema," in which the principles of art are continuously (and sometimes unfortunately) subordinated to the flow of life. He often throws away his working script, encourages his actors to improvise. Then he moves around them with a portable camera and tracks the action as it develops, catching this, missing that, taking his chances and riding his luck.

Engel's luck is not always good. In many frames the camera cannot seem to



LINDFORS & MYHERS IN "WEDDINGS"
The disheveled perfection of real life.

find the speaker, and when it does, cannot focus on his face. To give his picture a lifelike look, Engel uses no light except sunlight, so the film is sometimes muzzy, sometimes (after a sudden change of sky) faulted with flare. Much of the time the actors' voices, picked up on the spot by a tape recorder, are muffled, diffuse, interrupted by bed squeaks, foot scrapes, street noises. But the sound is the sound, the rooms have the look, the camera shares the confusion of real life. And real life, as though aroused and released by Engel's trust in it, wells up in the faces and voices and movements of the actors—in the professionals, Lindfors and Myers, no less than in the immigrant woman, Mrs. Barile, who was discovered sitting on her front steps on Sullivan Street a few days after shooting started, and who died without seeing the finished film. Real life again and again galvanizes the spectator with its unreasonable significance, disheveled perfection, artless art.

Tiger-eyed temptress

Sophia Loren has been called one of the world's most exciting women. She shows why in her new film, *A Breath of Scandal*, a frothy mixture of waltz and schmaltz whose best part, LIFE's review says, is just looking at Loren looking lovely.



Peter Rabbit's world

For 50 years, through 15,000 consecutive daily newspaper columns, the bedtime stories of Thornton Burgess have been charming adults as well as kids. LIFE writer Paul O'Neil takes you behind the scenes in this woody world of Peter Rabbit.

The whys of weather

Is the earth's climate gradually growing warmer? In part two of a new LIFE series based on scientific discoveries made during the recent IGY, 12 color pages provide answers to weather questions that have long puzzled scientists.



Irving Penn's people

Irving Penn pioneered a new, uncluttered style of photography, posing subjects against bare walls, severing "unessential" tops of heads to achieve realism. LIFE shows you choice samples taken from Penn's new book, *Moments Preserved*.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

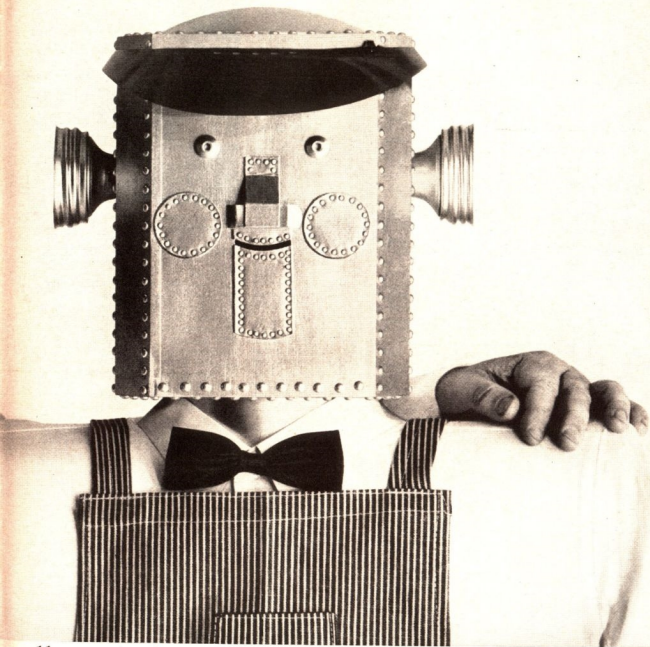
LIFE



I'd like you to meet my new helper—a new mail-

Here! The first fully automated U.S. Post Office—in Providence, R. I. Its immediate objective: To speed up handling of mail and parcels *right now!* Its long-range objective: To handle *all* the far bigger mountains of mail anticipated in the not-too-distant future! And—as the pilot project in modern mail handling—it is the fore-runner of other such installations for speedier mail delivery all over the U.S., and for greater and more efficient postal service to the public. In the postal past, all operations were carried on by hand. As

postal things stand now, much of the more than 65 billion pieces of mail yearly must be picked up by human hands, its addresses read by human eyes, its bulk put somewhere or other on an average of 12 times! No wonder that love-letter or that check was late! It's all a big job. And a dull one, by and large. A job that calls, indeed shrieks for automation. A job that demands the resources, and experiences in similar Communications challenges, of ITT, the worldwide communications and electronics organization. For the Providence job



culler, canceler, sorter and Parcel Post engineer.

— says a recent *Barron's* article — ITT "was a logical candidate since it can furnish more of the basic paraphernalia than anyone else." If we (ITT) had written the article, we'd have added that we were also chosen for this job because of our success with semi-automated post offices in the U.S. and fully automated ones in Europe... because fully automated delivery is basically a challenge in over-all Communications — not just isolated mechanization. And Communications (via telephone or cable or letter or interstellar satellite) is

ITT's business. ITT is 7,200 idea-exchangers exchanging ideas in 24 countries — a total of 101 plants and 130,000 employees. Happy thought: Just think of our friend up there on the left. Soon to be relieved of all that culling and squinting and endless reaching into endless boxes! His ITT friend (on the right) is going to free him for more productive postal work. *International Telephone and Telegraph Corp., 67 Broad St., N. Y. 4, N. Y.*



BUSINESS

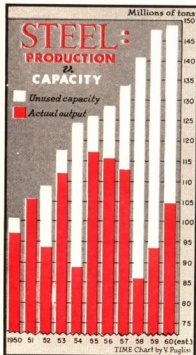
STATE OF BUSINESS

The Capacity Trap

No single statistic has cast more gloom over—or caused more talk about—the state of the economy than the weekly operating rate of the steel industry. When the rate, expressed as a percentage of the total capacity of the industry, started to drop last winter, it stirred the first major doubts about the course of business; its failure to rise has amplified recession fears. Last week the rate was scheduled at 51.7% of capacity, the lowest level for a nonholiday week in 1960.

Is the weekly percentage-of-capacity figure the best measure of the condition of steel? Many steelmen and economists do not think so. Said A. S. Glossbrenner, President of Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.: "The use of capacity figures has hurt the economy of the whole country, as well as that of the steel industry. Some other form of measurement should be substituted." Percentage of capacity does not reflect the fact that capacity has constantly risen for the past 12 years. Thus, this year's operating rates, since they are figured on a higher capacity base (which is adjusted every Jan. 1), actually represent more tons of steel produced than the same rates last year.

To reach its expected output of just over 100 million tons in 1960, the steel industry will have to operate at about 70% capacity for the year. Yet the industry operated at 100.0% of capacity in the Korean wartime year of 1951 to produce only a shade more—105.2 million tons.



Despite the low operating rate, the steel industry in 1960 is having its sixth-best year in history.

Overexpanded? Some critics complain that the industry has overexpanded. In the face of this criticism, most steelmen are now making capital outlays—at the rate of more than \$1 billion a year—chiefly to modernize their plants, put in improvements that will produce better or less expensive steel. One example: the oxygen process, by which oxygen and gas are shot into a furnace to speed up the burning of impurities. An invariable but often unintended result is extra capacity: the oxygen process can raise capacity of furnaces 10% to 20%. The new processes also push some older equipment into reserve; about 10% of all steel capacity is represented by older or less profitable equipment that steelmen use only in times of extraordinary demand.

Actually, the steel industry does not like to operate much above 90% of capacity, and its average rate is 75% to 80%. A rate near 100% not only puts a big strain on facilities, but means much overtime work, cuts into profits.

"We Failed." Few other industries use—or can calculate—rate of capacity as an output measure. Instead, they measure their output solely in units of production, e.g., pounds, carloadings, etc. If the auto industry used rate of capacity, it would be producing now at only about 50% of capacity on a round-the-clock basis—the same basis on which the steel industry computes its capacity. That figure would completely misrepresent Detroit's present fast production clip.

When the steel industry began reporting production as a percent of capacity on a monthly basis in 1926 and on a weekly basis in 1933, it was a good yardstick because capacity did not change greatly from year to year. With its great postwar expansion, the industry realized that the rate figures did not give a fair year-to-year comparison of output. About three years ago, it began issuing a weekly index of production based on the 1947-49 average, which more clearly represents the gains steel production has made. It also stressed actual tonnage figures.

But the industry had already trapped itself; the capacity figures were such an easy way to express production that almost everyone continued using them. "We tried everything we knew to get people to use the index," says an official of the American Iron and Steel Institute. "but we failed. The rate has just been around too long."

UTILITIES

Atoms for Power

On a barren stretch of coast at Humboldt Bay, 225 miles north of San Francisco, surveying teams this week went to work on the foundations of a radically new type of nuclear power plant for Cali-



Albert Fern—Los Angeles Times
OXYGEN FEEDING AT MCLOUTH STEEL
New processes v. old standards.

fornia's giant Pacific Gas & Electric Co. The reactor will be underground, thus eliminating the need for the expensive protective dome; it will incorporate new advances in design to produce more steam, thus increasing capacity. By 1964, when the second fuel core has been phased in, the reactor's generating capacity will reach about 60,000 kw. When it does, the plant is expected to break the cost barrier, become the world's first nuclear power station to produce electricity as cheaply as conventional plants in the same region. Says P.G. & E.'s President Norman Sutherland, 62: "I think the breakthrough into the era of the economical use of atomic power is here—or if it isn't, it is so close that we practically have to count on it."

Quickening the Pace. The Humboldt Bay project is only one of P.G. & E.'s new undertakings. Although it is already the West Coast's biggest public utility company, P.G. & E. has to run to keep up with California's burgeoning population, which has been increasing at the rate of 3.6% a year (v. a 1.7% annual increase for the rest of the U.S.). Since 1946, P.G. & E. has invested \$2.5 billion in expansion, building 23 new power plants and increasing its power capacity by 240%. It also built as a partner with General Electric Co. the world's first privately financed reactor at Vallecitos, Calif., where P.G. & E. scientists developed the new methods for building reactors which they are trying out in the Humboldt Bay plant. But the pace must become even faster. Chief architect of the current expansion program is Norman Sutherland, who took over as president in 1955 when James B. Black, who had guided the company's growth since 1935, moved up to board chairman. Sutherland's goal: to double P.G. & E.'s power capacity by 1970.

As a start, P.G. & E. is spending \$150 million during the next 15 months, one-fifth as much as it spent in the last 14

FREDERIC GARRETT DONNER

SIX times a day a Broadway cast of 50 went through their singing, dancing paces last week as a musical skit called *The Magic Man* opened General Motors' 1961 Motorama of 36 new cars at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria. Not in the show were some cheery lines spoken by short (5 ft. 8 in.), grey-haired Frederic Garrett Donner, 58, General Motors' board chairman and its chief executive since 1958. The world's largest industrial corporation, announced Donner, plans to spend \$1.25 billion next year to expand and develop its worldwide (21 countries) auto empire, testifying to its faith in "continued economic progress." If consumer incomes continue to rise and consumer confidence is sustained, said Donner, the auto industry may sell 7,000,000 cars in the U.S. in 1961, including imports. By 1970, based on a projected rise in population and gross national product, he expects that total to hit 8,000,000.

The auto industry may play the deciding role in what happens to the U.S. economy in the months ahead. Nearly 12 million people—one of every seven U.S. workers—are directly or indirectly employed in the automotive industry. The industry consumes 18% of all U.S. steel shipments (10-15 million tons annually), 43% of all lead, 64% of all natural rubber. With 47% of U.S. auto production, G.M. is the auto industry's biggest force—and Fred Donner is its most powerful, though in some ways its most retiring spokesman.

Little known when he took over G.M., little inclined to be as visible as his predecessors, "Engine Charlie" Wilson and Harlow Curtice, Donner shuns speech-making, keeps a careful cowl over his personal life and, says one colleague, "has an idea that General Motors' chairman is expected to be one of the most dignified men in the world." He rose through the financial side of the business, has never worked at making or selling a car. Donner does not consider this unusual. "People seem to think of accounting as a rigid little box," he says. "At General Motors the financial staff gets into all areas of the business more than any other staff."

What Donner learned in such areas, he has never forgotten. He has an encyclopedic knowledge about G.M., a prodigious memory and a fetish for facts. If someone

is vague about a fact, even in casual conversation, Donner whips from his pocket a tiny notebook prepared by his office, crammed with industry charts and tables.

A cool, efficient manager of the modern stripe, Donner is a strong believer in team talk. He rarely makes a decision without extensive consultation with G.M.'s experts, shares responsibility to a unique degree with President John F. Gordon, a crack production man. By staying in the background and avoiding public controversy, Donner has also toned down G.M.'s earlier reputation for corporate arrogance.

Donner is a prodigious worker who has little patience for anything but the best from either himself or his colleagues. No Detroit, he commutes regularly to Manhattan on the 7:34 from Port Washington, Long Island, keeps as careful a check as the engineer on the arrival time. Says he of the 7:34: "It hasn't varied more than two or three minutes for quite some time now." After a packed day, Donner heads homeward with a briefcase full of papers, brings them back next morning marked with his own crisp comments.

DONNER'S mind is so neatly compartmented that he can juggle three columns of figures at once, read a report while talking on the telephone, carry on simultaneous conferences in his office with three executives involved in entirely different matters. He keeps his hand in everything. Recently he helped sign up Danny Kaye for a three-year TV contract which, to the discomfort of admen, did not have an option to drop Kaye if the first shows were unsuccessful. (Kaye's first show proved a qualified critical success.) Donner also likes to give G.M. cars a rough spin on the proving grounds, insisted that a wooden curb be built so that testers of G.M.'s compacts would know if customers could get in and out easily.

Fred Donner is one of the best paid men in U.S. industry (1959 compensation: \$670,350), but his pleasures are comparatively simple. He lives with his wife (his two children are married) in a 22-room home in Sands Point, L.I. that once belonged to Producer George Abbott, keeps a Fifth Avenue apartment to be nearer his work in busy periods. He drinks moderately (Scotch, martinis), is also a wine connoisseur, does not smoke,



DON MARTIN

He is a prodigious reader who gets more than half a dozen newly published books each week, sprinkles his conversation with quotes that range from Thucydides to Churchill. He is fascinated by the Civil War, collects first editions of Dickens.

Like most of G.M.'s executives, he is a product of the Middle West, where his father was an accountant in the small town of Three Oaks, Mich. He graduated from the University of Michigan with a degree in business administration and a Phi Beta Kappa key, worked briefly for a Chicago accounting firm, joined General Motors' New York staff as an accountant in 1926. His quick grasp of figures and his lucid speech propelled him quickly upward. In 1941, at 38, he became one of the youngest G.M. executives ever to reach a vice-presidency. In 1956 he was named executive vice president for finance.

One of Donner's first jobs when he took over at G.M. in 1958 was approving the new 1960 luxury-size compacts—Buick Special, Olds F-85 and Pontiac Tempest—then in the clay-model stage. At first skeptical of the compacts—he prefers the term small cars—Donner now thinks that the auto industry has been "witnessing a series of changes that may prove little short of revolutionary over the long run." But Donner does not feel that the compacts will sweep all before their path. He still expects the majority of G.M.'s customers to buy larger cars. Says he: "The challenge of the marketplace is one that calls for all our skills in design, in production, in marketing."

Presenting G.M.'s huge new expansion program last week, Donner obviously felt that G.M. was meeting that challenge head on. Now he, like everyone else, will have to wait for the consumer to make the final judgment.

MUSICAL SKIT & '61 MODELS AT MOTORAMA SHOW: A NEW CONCERN FOR THE CUSTOMER'S EYE



years. In addition to the Humboldt Bay plant, P.G. & E. is laying a 1,404-mi. pipeline from the vast gas fields in western Canada to California. The new line, called the "Big Yard," since it uses 36-in. pipe, will be the biggest pipeline between the West Coast and Canada, easing the demand on the heavily burdened pipelines from Texas. The pipe is coated on the inside with a high gloss plastic which speeds up transmission of the gas by as much as 10%. To store gas, P.G. & E. is converting a depleted gas field east of San Francisco into an immense underground storage area. It will ultimately hold 84 billion cu. ft. of natural gas, enough to heat 16,800,000 homes for one winter month. Other projects: to expand the capacity of one conventional power plant by 330,000 kw. and to start enlarging three others.

Searching for More Power. P.G. & E. is always looking for new ways to find power. Last month in a valley 90 miles north of San Francisco, to which huge geysers gave the name the "Gates of Hell," P.G. & E. opened a geothermal power plant, the first in the U.S. The plant takes the steam from the geysers, uses it to generate electricity. Though small (capacity: 12,500 kw.) and experimental, the plant points the way toward utilizing a vast untapped—and apparently inexhaustible—source of power.

As a big source of future power, P.G. & E. is banking primarily on atomic energy. Even before the Humboldt Bay plant is completed, P.G. & E. expects to start building at Bodega, Calif., one of the world's largest nuclear power plants. According to present plans, it will generate between 400,000 and 500,000 kw., again at costs that Sutherland estimates will be comparable to conventional power plants.



SKETCH OF NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN SPORTS CENTER
Under the plastic heaven, the perspiring aris.

ENTERTAINMENT

A New Garden

For 35 years the premier arena for prizefights and political rallies, ice shows and sawdust revivals, Manhattan's Madison Square Garden will soon sport a new look in a new location. Admiral John J. Bergen, chairman of the Graham-Paige Corp., the holding company that owns the Garden, last week announced plans to build a mammoth, three-block, \$38 million new sports and entertainment center to replace it, on the west side of Manhattan at a site yet to be chosen. To be privately financed, the new Garden (which will retain the old name) hopefully will be ready for the 1964 New York World's Fair, provide a fitting counterpart to the city's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts currently abuilding. Quipped the *New York Times*: it will be "a kind of Lincoln Center for the perspiring aris."

The sports complex will feature a 25,000-seat main arena building completely free from the interior columns that give present Garden fans a frequent crick in the neck. The new design by Soapman-Turned-Architect Charles Luckman will achieve its pillarless view by what he calls "the first use in such a large structure of a compression ring"—steel cables imbedded in concrete that support the roof. Overtime president of Lever Brothers Co. (1946-50), Luckman now employs 336 planners, architects and engineers, currently has \$202 million worth of construction work under way from missile research centers to Los Angeles' new jet airport terminal.

Plans for Luckman's Garden also envisage a two-level building containing a 2,000-seat arena above and a 1,000-seat arena below. A third building will house a two-level restaurant; the spacious second-story mall will contain a skating rink and outdoor swimming pool, with a bowling alley and parking for 3,000 cars underneath. In cold-weather months, the rink and pool will be covered by a blue-tinted plastic roof held up by air pressure.

AUTOMATION

Conversational Computereze

In the new world of office automation, one of the prime problems has been the fact that not all machines talk the same language. The information from computers, in the form of magnetic tape, punched cards or punched paper tape, must be translated for use by less sophisticated machines. The language of the simpler machines, in turn, has to be translated into a form that computers can use. Also, a computer talking in punched cards cannot talk to a computer operating with magnetic tape—unless the punched-card information is first put on tape, often a lengthy, expensive process. Last week Long Island's Digitronics Corp. brought out a converter, or translating machine, that licks much of the problem.

Digitronics' electronic Berlitz can translate teletype and magnetic tape and punched cards into a common language, or even bypass punched cards entirely by taking information direct from the teletype to computers. First purchaser: Al-



LAYING PIPE FROM GEYSERS TO NEW GENERATING PLANT
From the gates of hell, inexhaustible power.

coa's Wear-Ever subsidiary. Wear-Ever will use the machine (price: \$79,000) to take orders for pots and pans, at the rate of 3,000 words per minute, from the central-office computer, where the orders are assembled, and relay them by teletype to warehouses for shipping. The converter will also feed orders coming in by teletype from sales offices to the computer for billing. Wear-Ever estimates it will cut the time for filling orders from three days to a few hours.

Competition with Giants. Like many another electronics firm, Digitronics was founded only four years ago by three bright young engineers. Unlike many of the defense-oriented companies that dot Boston's route 128 (TIME, July 13, 1959), Digitronics' business is virtually all in the civilian field, where its sales volume has grown from \$750,000 the first year to an estimated \$2,000,000. From a first-year loss of \$60,000, profits rebounded to an estimated \$115,000. Digitronics Chairman Eric H. Haight has found that his company can compete with the giants in the field by designing machines, at a good profit, in areas the big companies pass by.

Digitronics designed an earlier version of the Alcoa machine for Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, world's biggest brokerage house. The Digitronics machine takes customers' bills as they come in on magnetic tape from Merrill Lynch's International Business Machines' computer, translates them to teletype tape for sending to the 130 branch offices for collection. Bache & Co. has two converters: one sends bills, the other translates orders and office accounting data coming in on teletype into computer language. In the first year, Merrill Lynch, which paid \$120,000 for the machine, saved \$85,000.

Other uses for Digitronics machines: at *Readers Digest*, scanning a master mailing list and picking out names for special mailings; at the Schering Corp., charting the reactions of rats to stimuli in studies of anti-schizophrenic drugs, doing in a week what would take researchers a year; at the Rockefeller Institute, recording the reactions of the optic nerves of horseshoe crabs, to advance basic eye research.

Fast Talker. A month ago, Digitronics brought out a new machine, the Dial-o-verter, for which it has high hopes. It can take information from punched cards or tape at various places around the U.S. and transmit it by telephone, at the rate of 1,500 words per minute, to a central computer. The machine automatically checks itself for errors, can be started by telephone from the central office with no local operator on hand. Digitronics says that the machine is now being tested by one Government agency to relay statistics from branch offices to a central computer, and the agency estimates that the speed of the machine will save it \$1,000,000 a year in communication bills.

In January, restless Digitronics will introduce another machine, which Addressograph-Multigraph will sell and service. By adding new names and dropping old ones, the machine brings mailing lists with millions of names up to date daily.



A long-time Quaker State user is J. LeRoy Forsythe, of Millheim, Penna. He has won classic car awards for the fine running condition and beauty of the restoration of this 1929 Ruxton Rumble Seat Roadster.

"My classic Ruxton keeps its fine-tuned condition with Quaker State and so does my new car!" If you care for your car, old or new, big, compact or imported, give it the finest lubrication money can buy, Quaker State. Refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude oil, for long-lasting engine protection. Available almost everywhere. Ask for it by name.



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*U.S. Patent #2880579

LABOR

Strike Town

Winter always clamps an austere hand on the little mining town of Kellogg, Idaho (pop. 5,000), where most homes are heated by wood stoves. The encircling, mile-high mountains of the Coeur d'Alene mining area, rich in lead, zinc and silver, curtain off the sunlight except for a few midday hours. This year the 5,000 people of Kellogg await winter's arrival with a new dread: life in a town with its only industry shut down.

The Bunker Hill Co.'s lead and zinc processing plant, where 80% of Kellogg's breadwinners earn their livelihood, has been shut by a strike since last May. More than 2,000 wage earners are out of work; the town is going broke, its population bleeding away to find other jobs elsewhere. On the brink of winter last week, negotiations for a settlement came to an abrupt, bitter halt.

No Common Sense. Kellogg and Bunker Hill had few labor difficulties until 1958. Then a depression in the lead and zinc industry forced Bunker Hill, the nation's second largest lead producer (first: St. Joseph Lead Co.), to cut its work force in Kellogg—the first time management had had to exercise the layoff clauses in the contract with the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers' Union. When the contract expired May 6, 1959, a deadlock ensued over job security, grievance procedures, seniority, safety regulations and shift schedules.

Union members continued working while union and company negotiators haggled fruitlessly in 100 bargaining sessions. One day short of a year after the contract expired, the Mine & Mill union struck. The union's members, having been warned to prepare for the strike, had a good backlog of savings. Three "strike stores" were set up to supply free food and clothing to union members; a soup kitchen was set up for picketing bachelors. Idaho Governor Robert Smylie approved state welfare for the striking families over management objections.

But the town of Kellogg was not prepared for a long strike, and the results were grim. Bills went unpaid, new purchases trickled off, most of Kellogg's merchants began operating at a loss—and some closed down. Young businessmen, who formed a Common Sense Council, argued common sense to both sides. Now the council goes on the local radio station three times a week to castigate the union's unyielding stand. The dormant Shoshone County Anti-Communist Association awakened, charged that the union was Communist-led. The Mine & Mill workers were ousted from the old C.I.O. in 1950 for Communist leanings, but Mine & Mill Negotiator James L. Daugherty now denies the charge. Why then had he refused to sign a non-Communist affidavit in 1947 as then required by the Taft-Hartley Law? Because, explained Daugherty, he had been instructed not to by the union he was then representing.

Teachers organized an "I Am an Ameri-

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ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

can Youth" group of high school students to parade against the union. Some 1,400 people have moved out of the Kellogg area to other communities to find jobs, and the town is afraid that, even when the strike is over, they may not come back. The Washington Water Power Co. has cut off electric power to 10% of its prestrike customers—at the customers' own request—and the telephone company, which has already taken out scores of phones, fears that the 2,005 phones in Kellogg will be cut by 25% overall if the strike lasts much longer.

Fed Up. Sick of the bitterness the long strike has engendered in the town, some Bunker Hill workers have got together and formed a new union, the Northwest Metals Workers. The dissidents claim to have more than the necessary one-third of Bunker Hill's 1,875 hourly workers signed up, and last month petitioned the NLRB for a bargaining election to see which union should represent the company's employees. When time came for last week's mediation session with the Mine & Mill officials, the company refused to participate until a decision is made about which union will represent the workers.

Union Boss Daugherty promptly repeated the union charge that management is happy to have the strike go on, since zinc prices are depressed. Bunker Hill President Charles Schwab angrily replied: "It cannot help us to shut down or be shut down. In the first quarter of 1960, Bunker Hill was beginning to get on the black side for the first time in two years." Last week the company was draining pipes and preparing its idle equipment for a long winter. Outside the town, the idle workers are busy cutting wood and gathering it into huge piles to heat their homes during the winter. In strike-hit Kellogg, the daily few hours of sunlight will be more welcome this year than ever before.



SEWELL AVERY v. THE U.S.
He never walked away from a fight.

RETAIL TRADE

The Man at the Top

If anybody ventures to differ with me, I throw them out the window.

In this uncompromising and ungrammatical way, Sewell Lee Avery once pronounced his business credo. For 30 of his 86 years a chief executive, Sewell Avery was the epitome of the autocratic tycoon who believed there was room at the top for only one. He battled the growth of labor unions, the New Deal and his own executives. (In 24 years as boss of Montgomery Ward, he had four presidents and 40 vice presidents exit suddenly.) One of the few battles he lost was to President Roosevelt and the U.S. during a wartime

labor dispute. But he refused to retreat on his own feet. It took the U.S. Army to carry him out of his Chicago executive suite, giving news photographers a famed picture—while Avery winked at a company officer.

Avery's outspoken intransigence made headlines, but in private he was a well-read, articulate businessman capable of great charm, with a knack for making profit for his companies when all about were losing theirs. The son of a prosperous Michigan lumberman, Avery got his law degree from the University of Michigan in 1894. By 1905, at the age of 31, he was president of U.S. Gypsum. He built it into one of the biggest U.S. building-material suppliers, and, convinced in the late '20s that the U.S. economy was headed for a depression, so prepared U.S. Gypsum to weather it that the company was able to show a profit every year of the '30s.

No Hicks. This performance so impressed J. P. Morgan & Co. that the banking firm asked Avery to take over an ailing Montgomery Ward in 1931. Avery quickly put his rough brand of rugged individualism to work at Ward, in three years turned a \$9,000,000 loss into a \$9,000,000 profit. Avery's method was to cut costs, introduce higher-priced lines of merchandise for the mail-order chain, because "We no longer depend on hicks and yokels. We sell more than overalls and manure-proof shoes."

Avery's troubles with the U.S. Government in 1944 grew out of his militant resentment of the New Deal. In 1942 he had reluctantly signed a C.I.O. contract, which required him to check off union dues. An enemy of the closed shop, he refused to renew the contract in 1944, and Roosevelt reluctantly seized control of Ward. Avery refused to relinquish control to a U.S. marshal, and U.S. Attorney General Francis Biddle hurriedly flew to Chicago to preside as two G.I.s carried Avery out of his office. As he was carried away, Avery flung the ultimate epithet at Biddle: "You New Dealer!"

No Depression. When the war ended, Avery was convinced that the U.S. was headed for another depression, refused to open a single new store, began hoarding Montgomery Ward's assets until he had \$327 million in cash and Government securities and \$608 million in working capital stashed away for a rainy day that never came. But the rainy day came for Avery as Ward's earnings began to decline after 1950. Though he won a proxy fight and proved that he was still the champ, Avery resigned three weeks later to live quietly in retirement.

Montgomery Ward then began an expansion program that used up Avery's hoard. Last August, Avery could draw a measure of quiet satisfaction from the fact that Ward's new free-spending management, faced with six-month earnings of \$5,000,000 v. \$10 million the first half of 1959, had to halve Ward's quarterly dividend. Last week, just a few days before his 87th birthday, Sewell Avery died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

TIME CLOCK

JOBLESS RISE totaled 200,000 in October instead of taking usual seasonal drop of 200,000 in month. Employment fell by 300,000, instead of rising by normal seasonal increase of 400,000. Number of jobless hit 6.4% of the work force on a seasonally adjusted basis, up from 5.7% in September—highest level since October 1958. Total employment of 67.5 million was still record for month.

OCTOBER CAR SALES of 538,000 v. 527,000 last year were record for month. Ten-month sales ran 7.8% above last year's level. Compacts accounted for 28.9% of October sales, with the Falcon continuing to lead the pack, putting Ford division ahead of Chevrolet for the month, 134,000 to 130,000.

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURES on nonfarm houses have climbed 78% in seven years since 1952. Reason: the price rise of real estate has been

slowing, making it harder for a debt-ridden householder to sell out and cover his mortgage arrears.

CIGARETTE IMPORT ban lifted by the Japanese as part of their trade liberalization program with the U.S. will bring nearly \$3,000,000 in sales to U.S. cigarette makers this year. First order of U.S. cigarettes, \$950,000 worth of various brands, sold out in three days despite high prices—36¢ per pack for regulars, 41¢ for kings and filters.

BILKED CUSTOMERS of Du Pont, Homsey & Co. were offered \$690,000 by the New York Stock Exchange to make up for their losses because of the Boston brokerage firm's misuse of their securities. It is the first time in the exchange's 168-year history that it has agreed to accept responsibility for losses to a member company's customers in a case of fraud.



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MILESTONES

Married. Jean Simmons, 31, hazel-eyed, London-born cinemactress (*Spartacus*); and Screenwriter-Director (*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*) Richard Brooks, 48, ex-professional baseball player; after they first teamed together in *Elmer Gantry*; both for the second time; in Salinas, Calif.

Married. Elliott Roosevelt, 50, second son of FDR; and Socialite Patricia Whitehead, 39; he for the fifth time, she for the second; in Quailicum, B.C.

Married. Woolworth Donahue, 47, big-game hunter, playboy and heir to dime-store fortune; and shapely Judith ("Baby Doll") Church, 26; both for the second time; in the lush playhouse of "Woolie's" Long Island estate.

Divorce Revealed. Joseph ("Socks") Lanza, 59, once-tough labor extortionist whose short-lived 1957 parole made headlines as a political scandal; by Ellen Connor Lanza, 50, a plump blonde who sobbed, "Don't worry, honey" when Lanza was led back to jail; after 19 years of marriage (best man: Gangster Frank Costello), no children; six months ago in Mexico, while Socks was still in prison (he is out now).

Died. Ward Bond, 57, veteran movie actor (150 films) who hit the high road as the burly boss of TV's *Wagon Train*; of a heart attack; in Dallas.

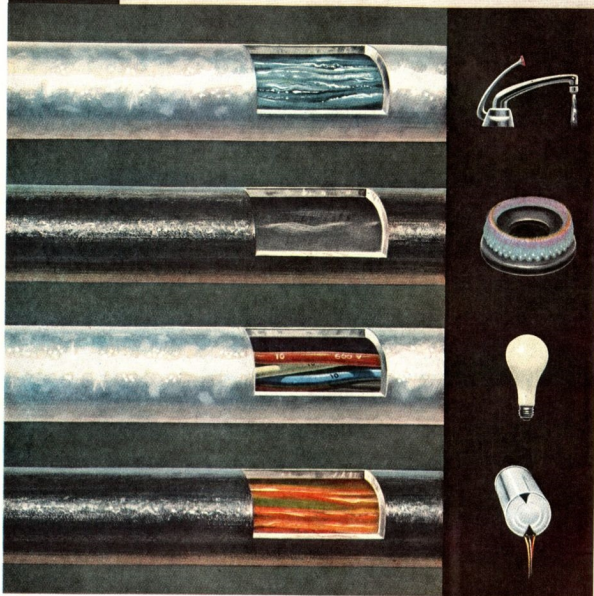
Died. Dimitri Mitropoulos, 64, virtuoso conductor and pianist who followed a musical calling with mystical fervor; of a heart attack; in La Scala Opera House, Milan. Athens-born of ecclesiastical lineage, Greek Orthodox Mitropoulos gave himself to music with the dedication of a monk (which he once intended to be), lived frugally, gave away his money to students as his hero St. Francis of Assisi did, became an apostle of modern composers. On the podium he danced, shook his fringed pate, conducting without a score from an awesome memory. Off the podium he read philosophy, the Greek dramatists, but for diversion Mitropoulos climbed mountains.

Died. Mack Sennett (real name: Michael Sinnott), 76, impresario of frantic antics on the silent screen; of a heart attack; in Motion Picture Country House and Hospital, near Hollywood. Canadian-born Sennett started moviemaking under famed D. W. Griffith in 1910, quickly became Sultan of Slapstick, directing Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Bathing Beauties Gloria Swanson and Carole Lombard, Keystone Cops Ben Turpin and Fatty Arbuckle.

Died. Sewell Lee Avery, 86, crusty, rapid-firing (60 top executives in 24 years) boss of Montgomery Ward & Co.; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in his lake-shore Chicago apartment (see BUSINESS).



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BOOKS

Ars ad Deorum Gloriam

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE GODS (400 pp.)—André Malraux—Doubleday (\$20).

André Malraux is a great intellectual speculator. He floats, promotes and trades in ideas, and, thanks to his vast mental capital, never goes broke. More than a decade ago, in *Psychology of Art*, later rewritten as *The Voices of Silence*, Malraux launched the notion of the "Museum Without Walls." Among other things, this imaginary museum was a device for seeing the art of all ages out of context. With its equidistant tolerance toward previous cultures, and its technical means (reproductions, photographs) to appropriate the art objects of the past, the 20th century, according to Malraux, was the first civilization capable of "universal" vision. Even more intriguing was his theory, repeated in the current book, that art is modern man's unavowed religion.

The book is crammed with enough handsome illustrations and recondite art allusions to supply the Uffizi plus the Louvre. It is also argued with cool logic as Malraux delves into the epochs without museums, when art glorified religion. The metamorphosis of the gods, as Malraux describes it, was a little like the story of the *Ten Little Indians*. First they were sacred, then divine, then human, and then they were gone. This all took place between the creation of the Sphinx and the birth of Botticelli's *Venus*. The Egyptians could not know Aristotle, but he knew the secret of the Sphinx, for he laid down the

basic dictum of all sacred art—"to depict the hidden meaning of things, not their appearance." It is easy, but incorrect, says Malraux, to think of the Egyptian tombs "as country houses in the Hereafter and the mummies as denizens of a world of never-ending childhood, buried with their toys of gold or clay . . . yet that 'country' is eternity."

Human & Divine. The Eastern gods were dark, ponderous, absolute. The Greeks challenged this authoritarianism with the restless spirit of inquiry. Against the hierarchy of the absolute, they set up "the prestige of the imaginary"—man's loftiest ideals fashioned in art. "The sa-



THEORIST MALRAUX & COLLEAGUE:
Mortals in Eternity.

cred was replaced by the sublime, the supernatural by the wondrous, and Fate itself by tragedy." Critics who believe that Greek sculptors were trying to achieve representational realism earn Malraux's ire. "Humanized but not human," a figure like the *Winged Victory of Samothrace* is no mere woman to Malraux, but an evocation of that "spark of the divine immanent in every form of life."

Among the Romans, where power was frequently the only truth, superficial appearance was reality. Christianity restored the art of transcendent hidden meanings. With impressive erudition, Malraux traces the sacerdotal role of cathedral, mosaic and icon and the evolution of Christian art from the austere, stylized Byzantine Pantocrators to the benign, handsome "Beau Dieu" in the central portal of Amiens Cathedral. Despite the growing intrusion of realistic detail, Giotto, as late



BOTTICELLI'S "BIRTH OF VENUS"
Nymphs of the Unreal.

as the 14th century, "did not copy the sky men see, but transmuted it into a sky charged with Christ's presence." But a century later Botticelli plunged into profane art with his sea-born *Birth of Venus*, and nymphs began competing with angels "and the Unreal with the City of God."

Apples & Pictures. Malraux is both irritating and sentimental when he tries to give art for art's sake a religious mystique. Art to him is an "anti-destiny," man's only means of asserting himself in a meaningless universe. He equates sacred and profane works of art by arguing that both aim at "defeating the tyranny of Time"; though Vermeer "had no intention of imparting to his *Maid servant* that morsel of eternity which the Egyptian sculptor imparted to his *Zoser*, he may well have wished his picture of this girl to enter into a world akin to that of the Pharaoh's statue."

In this metamorphosis, the gods presumably share Olympus with The World's 100 Great Paintings. To satisfy this lofty status, Malraux exalts the secular painter's function to a kind of priestly vocation. Sacred art deified its subject; profane art defies the calling of the artist. "Cézanne," Malraux argues, "did not wish to represent apples, he wished to paint pictures."

Malraux thus is open to attack from two sides. The art-for-art's sake partisans are impatient with such metaphysical preoccupations, and argue that a well-painted apple is its own excuse for being. The religiously orthodox argue that the apple, no matter how well painted, has nothing to do with the case; art cannot solve what Malraux himself describes as "the problem set [man] by the spark of eternity latent in his being."

For most readers, however, the important fact will be that few critics can find as much as Malraux in the picture of an apple—or of gods and men. It is doubtful that he can help his readers find a substitute for God; it is certain that he can help them see.



GIOTTO'S "MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN"
Angels in the City of God.

* M. Zaida Osman, Education Minister of the Sudan Republic, at an exhibit of early Egyptian art.

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Confidence Trickster

THE GO-AWAY BIRD (215 pp.)—Muriel Spark—Lippincott (\$3.75).

Sooner or later, readers of Muriel Spark's fiction come to understand that they have been hornsogged in the very nicest way. The tactics of this talented Scot are essentially those of the confidence man. The Spark reader is entertained by an apparently straightforward, witty story—until the moment arrives when the rug is twitched from beneath his feet, or when a corps of spooks, bogies and supernatural agents start moving the



Brian Seed

STORYTELLER SPARK
Spooks twitch the rug.

furniture about, playing the devil with the shapes of common objects.

In the first of these eleven short stories, a man and his wife, living a life of crushing respectability in an awful welfare-state township, pray to the Virgin to be relieved of their childlessness. Their prayers are answered. But the Madonna in their church, a figure carved from Irish bog oak, is black as ebony; so, too, is their first-born child. This merciless story makes plain that neither inheritance nor adultery with a Jamaican can explain the couple's embarrassingly Negroid blessing. For all its apparent defiance of realism, this kind of Spark fiction—typical of most tales in this collection—has honest intentions: to make vivid the author's conviction that the face of the world is a mask, and that the real hoax is on those who believe only what the eye can see.

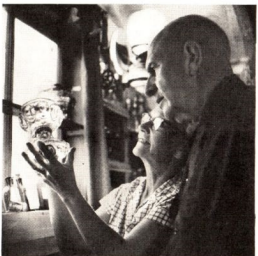
No Strings Attached. The title story, really a short novel, is somewhat different from the others: it shows what Muriel Spark can accomplish when she forswears the stage properties of the semi-supernatural suspense story and moves her characters about with no strings attached. She tells the life and death of Daphne du Toit, an enchanting and entirely credible



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South African girl whose betrayed dreams illuminate a basic Spark theme—the cruelty of reality and the greater cruelty of the illusions that falsify it. (British Author Spark herself spent 6½ years in Southern Rhodesia during World War II, working at "odd jobs, attempts to get home and trying to write.")

Daphne's childhood is haunted by the go-away bird, a grey-crested lorie, or parrot, whose eponymous cry seems to her a command to leave the provincial, semi-savage, secondhand and second-rate life of a British African colony for the authentic glories of historic England. Alas, her dreams are of a "land that was not, that is passed away"—the Rupert Brookeish Lubberland where the church clock stands at ten to 3, and there is honey still for tea, where life is a vision of white flannels on a vicarage lawn, and the Guard is always being changed but never for the worse.

In contrast to these dreams, life on the African home farm is twisted in a pattern of almost Faulknerian grotesquerie; Daphne's uncle is in bondage to his farm manager through an unavenged adultery a generation back; Auntie lies year long in a whisky fog with a loaded revolver at her bedside; her one friend is a boozy Cambridge expatriate who must, for his own reasons, falsify what "home" is like. Society at the local dorp is of inconceivable tedium, and only the natives in their kraals suggest that life lived on its own terms may be a good thing. When Daphne finally escapes to her never-never land, Author Spark moves to her fictional kill like a Mau Mau houseboy.

Harpies & Men of Sorts. Daphne's English relations are a damily rotting family who call each other with gruesome whimsy names drawn from Gilbert & Sullivan and Kenneth Grahame. "Uncle Pooh-Bah." "Rat." etc. Then, belatedly, she is to be presented at court by a friend of a relative, a grizzly social harpy who earns her fat fee by staging lunches at the Ritz to meet other harpies and conscripted young men who turn out to be either too young or ineligible by reason of honest imbecility. Later chums are either married, queer or worse. Daphne goes back to the boredom of colonial clubland, and to a fate that is too painful to record. But the reader may be permitted to suspect that Author Spark enjoys it up to the last twist of the garrote.

With her novels *Memento Mori* and *The Ballad of Peckham Rye*, Muriel Spark, 42, won the kind of grateful acclaim that goes to an entertainer whom highbrows are not ashamed to be caught reading. This collection is another sign that the short story—which a few years back seemed exhausted in the banalities of realism plus mood—is still a natural form for those with a lively mind, a deft style and a crisp point to make. With other British writers such as Angus Wilson (whom she closely resembles) and V. S. Pritchett, Author Spark has in fact shown that the short story need not be just a thin slice of life cut by those who cannot carve a whole roast novel.

A Special Kind of Being

LETTERS OF SIGMUND FREUD (470 pp.)—Selected and edited by Ernst L. Freud—Basic Books (\$7.50).

Lives of great men are far less sublime than Longfellow thought, and their letters often prove it. If Sigmund Freud had not put his genius into psychoanalysis, even his son Ernst would have seen small reason to assemble this bundle of his father's correspondence, some of it already mined by Ernest Jones in his famed biography of the Master. Freud's letters are not brilliant, witty, or especially intimate. But



SIGMUND FREUD & WIFE (1886)
Little princess became his old dear.

their truculent honesty makes for a paradoxical and amusingly human revelation. The dedicated psychologist of sex was no sophisticate, but a square.

Freud considered himself unshockable, but a trip to Paris in 1885 made him blush. "I don't think they know the meaning of shame or fear; the women no less than the men crowd round nudities." His fiancée plans a tourist jaunt with a girl friend. Freud tut-tuts: "Should that be allowed? Two single girls traveling alone in North Germany!" At the age of 73, the famed silver-cord cutter is still in an Oedipal tangle with his 94-year-old mother: "I somehow could not forgive myself if I were to die before her."

100,000 Kisses. All of this is vaguely endearing and even consoling—a little like watching a giant computer hash up some simple arithmetic. Dr. Freud is as lovable as Professor Pinin when he pokes hopelessly over a train schedule or asks a stranger the way to a coffee shop while standing in front of a coffee shop. Nowhere is Freud more touchingly fallible than in his love letters to his fiancée Martha Bernays, which occupy half this book.

Freud's poverty, plus Martha's possessive mother, kept the couple all but sep-



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arated during a four-year courtship. He was in Vienna, she was in Hamburg, and 19th century epistolary demanded a letter a day. Freud gushed anointed longing and Dutch-uncle lectures to his loved one. Martha was "my sweet princess," "highly esteemed princess," "dearest highly esteemed little princess," and "Your Sigmund" sent her "100,000 kisses, all of which are to be cashed." A penniless knight-errant, Freud was quite a gallant: "What can it be that you want . . . a tooth out of the Caliph's jaw, a jewel from Queen Victoria's crown, a giant's autograph, or something equally fantastic which would mean putting on my armor at once and setting out for the Orient?" Into such hyperbolic reveries crept the unaffected but affecting confession: "I was in love with none and am now with one." He was absurdly jealous and the two had their tiffs.

The Civil War, Freud had that arrogant, Joycean self-confidence that seems to mark many men of destiny before they make their mark. Before a glimmering of psychoanalysis had entered his mind, he told Martha that he was destroying his papers to make things difficult for his biographers: "Each one of them will be right in his opinion of 'The Development of the Hero,' and I am already looking forward to seeing them go astray."

Martha was the first to go astray, if she thought Freud was going to cash the full 100,000 kisses. Work came first, she became "beloved old dear," and as his family grew, Freud toolled off on solitary holidays to Italy. He was better at fathering (six children) than at being a father. At 17, Daughter Sophie sprang her surprise engagement on him, and Freud only inquired with middle-class prudence about the young man's financial condition. When this same daughter died of pneumonia eight years later, he bore the tragedy with a typically stoic detachment he himself recognized as chilly: "As a confirmed unbeliever I have no one to accuse and realize that there is no place where I could lodge a complaint. Deep down I sense a bitter, irreparable narcissistic injury. My wife is profoundly affected in a more human way." The letters show how little Freud had to sustain him, except for psychoanalysis. He had no faith in progress or people: "In the depths of my heart I can't help being convinced that my dear fellow men, with a few exceptions, are worthless."

It is, therefore, not surprising that the Oedipus complex explains Freud better than it does Oedipus. Psychoanalysis is a kind of battle map of the psyche in which Id, Superego and Ego are engaged in an endless civil war. That war was Sigmund Freud. He himself said, "I stand for an infinitely freer sexual life, although I myself have made very little use of such freedom." He wanted to be a lawgiver, but he became a mythmaker. He wanted to be a scientist, but he was more nearly an artist—a type that he described as "a being of a special kind, exalted, autocratic . . . and at times rather incomprehensible."



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

It Happened in Broad Daylight. A slick but effective suspense film written by Swiss Author Friedrich Duerrenmatt (reversing the usual process, he drew his novel *The Pledge* from the script), in which a psychopath—brilliantly acted by Gert Frobe—and a police inspector glide through frightening shadows.

Never on Sunday. A rambunctious little politico-philosophical fable about the Virtuous Whore and the Quiet American, who meet and educate each other in an earthy Greek setting. Directed by Jules (He Who Must Die) Dassin and starring Melina Mercouri, Hellenism's latest triumphant incarnation.

Spartacus. Director Stanley Kubrick has turned out a surprisingly impressive film about Rome's slave uprising, despite the fact that Kirk Douglas, Peter Ustinov, Jean Simmons, Sir Laurence Olivier, Charles Laughton, Tony Curtis, Nina Foch and several thousand colleagues do their acting knee-deep in blood.

Sunrise at Campobello. Writer Dore Schary occasionally aims his script at the cheap seats in this adaptation of his Broadway hit, but the film is a craftsmanlike job, and Ralph Bellamy's characterization of Franklin Roosevelt is excellent.

The Entertainer. Some of the force of Playwright John Osborne's caustic metaphor—England as a seedy music hall in which no-talent frauds lead the stage—may be lacking in the film version of his drama, but Sir Laurence Olivier's interpretation of a soggy song-and-dance man is a masterpiece of mannerism.

TELEVISION

Tues., Nov. 8

Election Coverage (NBC and CBS from 8:30 p.m., and ABC from 9 p.m.).^o ABC promises a cast of 1,000—not counting Univac—headed by John Daly. CBS counters with the new IBM 7090 and its sidekick RAMAC 305 to tally ballots “within thousandths of a second,” will also use humans, with Walter Cronkite as anchor man. NBC boasts an RCA 501 and a similar 1,000-man task force, commanded by Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, needless to say.

Wed., Nov. 9

Wanted—Dead or Alive (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). The women rebel against gunplay in an unlikely western updating of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*.

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Douglas Edwards narrates “The Antique Swindle”—an exposé of the purveyors of underaged Chippendale.

Thurs., Nov. 10

Purex Special for Women (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). “The Trapped Housewife,” a documentary dramatization and subsequent panel discussion pondering the distaff “disenchantment syndrome.”

Fri., Nov. 11

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Burgess Meredith leads a musical commemoration of Veterans Day. His

^o All times E.S.T.



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guests: Alfred Drake, Genevieve, Gisele MacKenzie and the U.S. Military Academy Glee Club. Color.

Sat., Nov. 12

N.C.A.A. Football Game (ABC, 2:15 p.m. to conclusion). A clash between the Big Ten juggernauts, Iowa and Ohio State.

The Nation's Future (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). After the Great Debate, the Medium-Sized Melee. In the premiere of a new series, Nuclear Scientists Leo Szilard and Edward Teller discuss disarmament.

Sun., Nov. 13

College News Conference (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). An election post-mortem with Senators Wayne Morse and George Aiken.

Omnibus (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Alistair Cooke launches the 1960-61 series with an examination of the American presidency. Commentator: McGeorge Bundy, dean of the faculty of arts and sciences at Harvard.

Oh, Those Bells! (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A new slapstick situation series with the Wiere Brothers, a trio of knockabout vaudevillians.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). A study of Task Group Alfa, the Navy's submarine hunter-killer force.

General Electric Company Special (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). "The Influential Americans" focuses on the need for topnotch liberal arts graduates in teaching.

Mon., Nov. 14

Story of a Family (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The first in a long-range documentary series on the American people probes family life.

THEATER

On Broadway

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May. Into the cobra-comic coils of this superb comedy team fall mothers and sons, brothers and sisters, lovers and mistresses, P.T.A. chairmen and guest speakers. The subjects may be common, but the hilarity isn't.

A Taste of Honey. Joan Plowright performs brilliantly in a work of understated, unhistrionic realism, which blinks at nothing in a shabby world. Written by Britain's Shelagh Delaney when she was 19, the play is episodic, yet shows a promising knack for theater and a well-developed sense of truth.

Irma La Douce. A piquant and jaunty French musical fleshed out by the song-and-dance skill and saucy insouciance of Elizabeth Seal, who plays a girl of whom no one can say 'tis pity she's a whore.

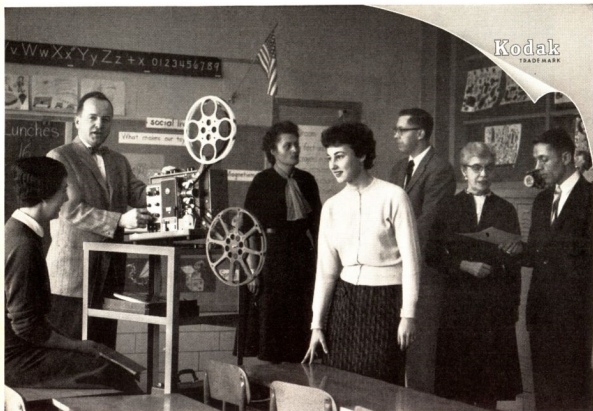
The Hostage. By Brendan Behan. A high old display of Erin-go-bawdry, keening Celtic lyricism, and tongue-out-of-cheek irreverence. In an incoherent sort of way, it is all about an English soldier captive in Ireland.

Among last season's plays with a strong grip on this season's playgoers are **The Miracle Worker**, **Toys in the Attic**, **Bye Bye Birdie**.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Rabbit, Run, by John Updike. Writing with chilling and relentless despair, the author tells with great skill of the crackup of a dreary young man; what the reader must decide is whether society (as Updike



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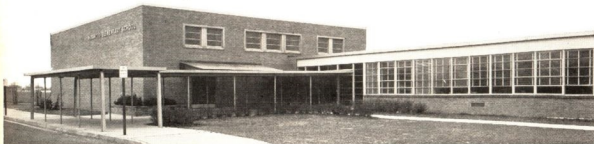
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seems to suggest) or mere poverty of soul causes the crackup.

Incentive to Idols, by Sylvia Ashton-Warner. In this impressive second novel by the author of *Spinster*, an amoral and witchingly lovely woman spins a treacherous human web, in which men snared by beauty must ultimately confront God, death and salvation.

Prospero's Cell and Reflections on a Marine Venus, by Lawrence Durrell. In this earlier work, the laureate of the wind-dark sea turns his sun-bedazzled eye on the islands of Corfu and Rhodes. To Durrell the Greek landscape lastingly utters one commandment: Know thyself.

The Last of the Just, by André Schwarz-Bart. A sprawling novel that follows, often with eloquence, the travails of Europe's Jews from the medieval pogroms to Hitler's crematories. Inescapably, the author's answer to Judaism's chief puzzle—what is a Jew?—are not entirely satisfactory.

Portrait of Max, by S. N. Behrman. The twilight years of a dandy, Sir Max Beerbohm, sketched with grace, fondness and urbanity. Decorated with many a scathingly eloquent caricature by "the incomparable Max."

The Sabres of Paradise, by Lesley Blanch. A true Arabian Nights tale of 19th century Russia's subjugation of unruly Caucasian tribesmen, replete with high-bouncing feats of battlefield and seraglio.

The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, by William L. Shirer. The gaudy, grisly supermen of Nazidom strut their Wagnerian stage once more in a historical chronicle, beside which most historical novels seem puny.

The Nephew, by James Purdy. A highly accomplished novelist, who changes his pace from book to book, examines the secrets of a seemingly commonplace life and concludes that to love is not to know someone.

The Child Buyer, by John Hersey. In an acid satire, the author jousts tellingly with most of the fatuities of the age.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (4)
5. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (5)
6. *Mistress of Mellyn*, Holt (6)
7. *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Kazantzakis (10)
8. *The Chapman Report*, Wallace (8)
9. *The House of Five Talents*, Auchincloss (7)
10. *The Child Buyer*, Hersey (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Waste Makers*, Packard (1)
2. *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?*, Schlesinger (3)
3. *Born Free*, Adamson (2)
4. *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, Shirer (9)
5. *The Politics of Upheaval*, Schlesinger (4)
6. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (5)
7. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther (8)
8. *Baruch: The Public Years* (10)
9. *The Liberal Hour*, Galbraith (6)
10. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Darvas

*Position on last week's list.

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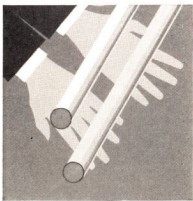
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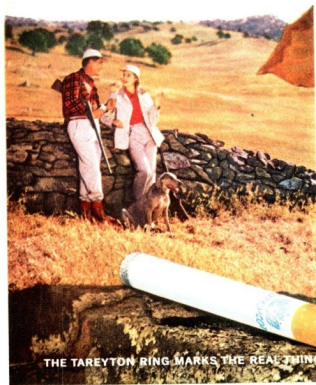


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